The Nation

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The Week

Ex-President Taft's desire for the portrait of ex-President Roosevelt which hung in the President's office for four uneasy years can hardly be inspired by any such consideration as that which led Little Lord Fauntleroy to present his old friend Mr. Hobbs with a watch on the eve of the boy's departure for England. "When this you see, remember me," read the inscription within the case, and it was supplemented by the giver's naïve explanation: "I don't want you to forget me." The incident quite upset the honest grocer. One would suppose that the most recent Executive to leave the White House needed no reminder of his predecessor. All that is dearest and bitterest in the sheaf of memories that now constitutes his sole connection with the highest pinnacle of official greatness in this country is bound up with Theodore Roosevelt. What can one picture more or less matter? And why should he not try rather to forget the tragedy? Well, in our opinion, this is exactly what he is doing.

In going closely into the particulars of the tariff bill with Chairman Underwood, so as to bring about a practical concert between the Executive and Congress, President Wilson is pursuing the course which experience marks out as wise. Democratic and Republican Administrations alike have found in the uncertainties of tariff legislation endless difficulty and danger. If Mr. Taft had been able to get from Congress what he had, in his campaign, virtually pledged that the country should have, the history of his Administration might have been very different from what it proved to be. The Cleveland Administration found its greatest difficulty in the financial troubles arising out of the great panic, and in the free-silver split in the party; but its situation was made much worse by the struggle with a few powerful marplots over the tariff, and by its unsatisfactory conclusion. President Wilson has a prestige incomparably greater than was President Taft's, and his party is in a condition of general harmony that was sadly lacking in the time of President Cleveland. He is not overstraining his prestige by any attempt to dictate to the House, but he is taking proper advantage of it to procure effective cooperation between Congress and the Executive.

With only three more States needed, Delaware has refused to join the affirmative States in ratifying direct election of United States Senators. It is always inspiring to see a man or a State that dares to be in the right with two or three; but much as we should like to be able to applaud little Delaware, we are constrained to say that the assertion of independent thought on this particular subject would have come with better grace from some other of her forty-seven sister States. Indeed, if there were any need of further argument on the subject of direct election of Senators, a very strong one would be supplied by the fact that the Legislature of the State which has furnished the classic example of debauchery of its electorate through the existing method is counted against the reform.

For ten years a "public opinion" bill has been knocking in vain at the door of the Massachusetts Legislature. In the meantime, the much more radical initiative and referendum has been growing in favor, so that at last the "public opinion" proposal seems rather conservative, and has been allowed to slip through the lower house without opposition. It provides that, on petition of two hundred voters in any Representative district or of twelve hundred in any Senatorial district, asking for the submission of any instructions to the Representative or Senator concerned, the Secretary of the Commonwealth shall determine whether the instructions proposed relate to a question of public policy, and if he finds that they do, shall draft them in a simple, unequivocal, and adequate form for presentation on the ballot in the next election. Not more than two questions may be submitted at one election, and no question negatived may be submitted again in any form in less than three years. To be an "instruction," the affirmative of the question must receive a majority of all the ballots cast at the election. It will be interesting to see whether this measure, if it is adopted, proves to be a sop to the radicals, or only whets their appetite.

CHICAGO, March 18.—One hundred and fourteen warrants for thirty-one alleged members of the "arson ring" were issued by Judge Wade in the Municipal Court today at the instance of Assistant State's Attorney Johnston. Twenty-eight of those named in the warrants are business men, some of them wealthy.

Items of news like this have been playing havoc with some notions which, a few years ago, seemed to be spreading rapidly among humanitarians interested in questions of penal policy. The doctrine that crime is always, or nearly always, a matter either of wretched environment or of such mental defectiveness as amounts to moral irresponsibility is incompatible with "Arson Trusts" of the kind we have been recently reading about in New York and elsewhere, and with such stories as that of the Hawthorne-Morton-Quincy mining adventure, or the Sugar Trust weighing frauds. And the notion, still more fatuous though closely related to this, that punishment has no deterrent effect, likewise gets a severe blow from the arson experiences. The enormous gain already shown in New York as to incendiary fires is an indication of the thoroughness of the cure which better laws, added to more rigorous administration of them, will bring about.

Four dictagraphs have been found in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, and a member of that body asserts positively that an equal number of these machines has been installed in the Senate. The devices were discovered in the small ventilators at the bottom of the desks. Who can have put them there? It is solemnly declared on investigation that none had been purchased by the State. Burns detectives, of course, are suspected. The most disturbing aspect of the situation is the possibility that more of the uncanny contrivances are scattered through the committee rooms and other places where

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the legislators are in the habit of congregating. There has been nothing quite like this since the days of the King of Syria to whom it was explained that a certain prophet had no difficulty in telling the King of Israel "the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber." In Woodrow Wilson's phrase, this is "pitiless publicity" indeed. What is really needed is an instrument that will automatically make public those words that legislators ought to have said, and suppress those that they ought not to have said. This would save many a labored and unconvincing "explanation."

The final signing of the subway contracts last week was a momentous event in the history of New York city. In no city on this continent has, we believe, so large a transaction been put through in such a far-sighted way, with such advantages to the public. If the success of the fusion ticket in 1909 needed any justification, there is more than sufficient in this one act, which will affect the whole development of the metropolis for generations to come. It is only necessary to think what would have happened if Tammany had controlled the city at this juncture, to realize in fullest measure the good fortune the city has had in having three such men as Messrs. Willcox, Prendergast, and McAneny to safeguard it. Even the Mayor was ready to sign in 1911 a contract which bore no resemblance in its benefits to the city to that which became binding last week. The honors which might have been the Mayor's are clearly Mr. McAneny's. To him chiefly are due the scope and the many good bargains for the city of these contracts, which involve the staggering sum of $325,000,000. The city may well be proud of its achievement, carried through without even the suspicion on the part of any sane citizen that any public official has personally profited or sought to profit thereby.

The Indiana Legislature has passed and the Governor signed the proposed press-muzzling law. As originally drawn, it made a crime of printing anything in a newspaper that might expose a man to ridicule or contempt in order to influence others to vote against him or to win support for or oppose any measure at a primary, election, or convention, or in the Legislature. As finally passed, it is modified by the use of the word "falsely"—one must not falsely hold up a legislator or a statesman to ridicule. "The effect," says the Indianapolis *News*, "will inevitably be to expose every newspaper in the State to the wrath of crooks with a grievance against it." The *News* adds that, as many prosecuting attorneys are creatures of political gangs, it will not be difficult for offending politicians to find agents to proceed against that portion of the press that has incurred their wrath. Indiana, of course, has its libel laws, both civil and criminal, so that no additional statutes were necessary. Had the new law been in existence recently, the *News* declares, it would have been a crime to call public attention to the activities of certain groups who were working against the Public Utilities bill. "Except for that publicity which it is now sought to destroy, the sleek gentlemen who fill the Indianapolis hotels while the Legislature is in session would run away with the State House." Such legislation ought to meet with the general contempt and prompt repeal which marked the course of Gov. Pennypacker's muzzling bill in Pennsylvania.

A settlement of the protracted labor war in the West Virginia coal fields is imminent, if it has not actually been attained. Credit for the restoration of peace is due in large measure to Gov. Hatfield, who has made use of the exceptional powers conferred on him through the proclamation of martial law under his predecessor. We are still of the opinion that the trial of civilians by military court is a vicious practice. But finding the situation as Gov. Glasscock had left it, Gov. Hatfield has used his authority as commander-in-chief of the State forces in a spirit of clemency and has thereby succeeded in appeasing the feeling of bitterness engendered in the course of what has at times approached the condition of civil war. The same energy and judgment displayed at the beginning of the conflict might have averted violence and the necessity of martial law.

The final census bulletin concerning Mississippi brings out a number of interesting facts about its population. As is well known, it is one of the two States, South Carolina being the other one, in which the negroes outnumber the whites. In Mississippi the proportion is 56.2 per cent. colored and 43.8 per cent. white, as against 58.5 and 41.3 per cent. in 1900, showing a substantial white gain. There are few, if any, States in the Union with so large a native-born population, only 0.5 per cent. of the whites being foreign-born and but 1.1 per cent. having foreign parentage. Out of a total citizenship of 1,797,114, only 207,311 people reside in Mississippi's cities; all the rest lead the rural life. Two-family houses or tenements are little known, for there are 376,420 dwellings and but 384,724 families. Despite the fact that, except Texas, Mississippi produces more cotton than any other State, and still has a soil of rarest fertility in some portions, few emigrants are lured from other States, for 87.5 per cent. of its citizens were born within its boundaries. Altogether, in many of its aspects Mississippi is one of the most interesting of our purely agricultural commonwealths; it is at least free from all those questions that arise out of overcrowded cities and a teeming population large in proportion to the total acreage. But it is in many respects one of the most backward of our States.

A "Citizens' Protective League" has just been formed in Denver, and what does the reader think is its object? To protect the city against disease or crime? No; against vicious journalism. Increasing numbers of citizens have become disgusted with the course of the Denver newspapers. They do not object chiefly to the squabbles between rival editors, though these are unseemly enough, but to the practice of sensational journalism in its worst forms. Filth is poured into Denver homes by some of these sheets. They seize upon every scandal and story of vice and spread the whole forth in startling and exaggerated reports. The thing has gone so far that a League has been formed to combat this public evil. The intention is to keep up a rain of protests against the publication of all the revolting details of crime, and by combined action to bring the truth home to yellow editors that their course is not only offensive to the public sentiment of their city,

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but will surely lead to the withdrawal of public support.

A piece of genuine protection is sought from the tariff-makers by persons interested in saving certain birds from further destruction. The proposal is to amend Schedule N by prohibiting the importation of the plumage of wild birds, except for scientific purposes. A precedent for this action is found in the present tariff act, which prohibits the importation of the eggs of game birds. In behalf of the amendment, it is urged that bird slaughter is greater than ever before, so that in another decade a dozen of the most beautiful species will be exterminated, unless the war upon them is checked. The United States is the largest market for wild-bird plumage, and the closing of our ports to this trade would probably be followed by similar action in London and Berlin. Australia has already led the way. The prohibition would arouse little opposition either from women wearers of such plumage or from milliners, since ostrich plumes and fancy feathers of domesticated fowls will be available, to say nothing of what the art and ingenuity of the milliners may devise.

The recent English bye-election in South Westmoreland is noteworthy for the fact that the successful Conservative candidate was an avowed free-trader. As commander of a Territorial battalion in the constituency for fifteen years, Col. Weston was well known and popular, and his party turned to him to save the seat. He had never made any concealment of his free-trade views. These, in fact, had been so pronounced as to keep him out of sympathy with the recent Unionist management, and to prevent his taking any active share in county politics. Moreover, Col. Weston was not even rabid on the subject of Lloyd George and the Insurance act; and, to add to the wonder of his candidacy, was not fiercely against Home Rule for Ireland. His words were: "If Ulster can be brought to see that some compromise is fair and reasonable, I should welcome it." Yet heterodox as he thus was on two main points of Conservative doctrine, Col. Weston was elected by a majority some 200 greater than the 308 by which the Unionists won in 1910. What this "proves" would puzzle the Scotchman who asked what "Paradise Lost" proved. It will, however, undoubtedly have the effect of cheering the free-trade Unionists, and stiffening them in their determination to throw over as soon as possible the protectionist policy which Joseph Chamberlain, with disastrous consequences, imposed upon their party.

The make-up of the new French Cabinet, so far as its principal members are concerned, would at first sight promise a continuance of M. Briand's policies. The new Premier, M. Louis Barthou, and his associates in the important Ministries of War and Marine, together with two minor positions, are taken over from the Briand Cabinet. Nevertheless, there has come a change over the aspect of French politics. The mere fact that the "strong man" Briand should have been driven from office within less than a month is significant. His successor is not a "strong man." M. Barthou is an old wheelhorse of the Radical party. He was Minister of Public Works and Minister of the Interior during the crucial years of the Dreyfus affair, 1894-98. From 1906 to 1909 he was Minister of Public Works and of Justice in the same Cabinets with, or under the presidency of, Clemenceau and Briand. He held the portfolio of Justice in the late Cabinet. From his former affiliations little is to be gathered as to whether he is a Clemenceau man or a Briand-Poincaré man. Probably he has been chosen to tide over a crisis. He is said to be in favor of the three years' military law; but so is every prominent politician at the present moment outside the Socialist ranks. On the subject of proportional representation he is apparently a moderate.

The bases of peace, as submitted by the Powers to the Balkan allies, exclude the demand for a money indemnity to be paid by Turkey, fix the new frontier along a line from Midia on the Black Sea to the Gulf of Enos on the Ægean, and concede Adrianople to the allies. If the suggestions put forward by the Powers should be adopted by both sides, the allies will at first sight have gained nothing by the resumption of hostilities. That Turkey would lose all her territory west of the line along which the decisive battle of Lule-Burgas-Bunarhissar was fought has been a foregone conclusion. As for Adrianople, the Powers long ago formally advised the Turkish Government to consent to the surrender of the fortress. The probabilities are that, in return for Adrianople, Bulgaria would even now consent to dispense with an indemnity and surrender her claims to the peninsula of Gallipoli, with the virtual control of the Dardanelles. But if the bargain is to be pushed through, the Powers must bring Turkey to reason before warm weather sets in and the Bulgarian artillery, now largely imprisoned in the quagmires around Tchatalja, can once more be brought into operation. A battle in front of the Tchatalja lines, or in Gallipoli, may come any day to render the work of the mediating Powers labor wasted.

The murderer of the King of the Hellenes has as yet given no motive for his act. But whether the assassin of kings and presidents asserts a motive or not, in the end it is pretty sure to turn out that mental aberration is the impelling cause. As the list of assassinations increases it is more and more evident that the madman's bullet is one of the risks of a "trade," and is not to be connected with the personality of the royal victim. That is one of the handicaps under which the constitutional monarch labors; he takes the physical responsibilities of royalty without the reality of power. During the fifty years of King George's reign, Greece has passed through many tribulations, but her way has been that of progress. The boundaries of the kingdom have been extended until to-day the Greater Hellas of the visionaries has almost been attained with the conquest of Epirus, Hellenistic Macedonia, Crete, and other islands of the Ægean. The sovereign under whom the Greek national aspirations have been so fully realized met his death on the scene of the most notable victory won by his people. Without exaggerating the merits of the dead King, we may find fresh meaning to Fitz-Greene Halleck's well-worn lines, dedicated to another Greek leader:

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

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NOT LEAVING CHINA HELPLESS.

There is a certain force in the criticism of the manner in which President Wilson announced that this Government would no longer give its backing to the six-Power loan to China. The Secretary of State was away and the matter was taken out of the hands of the Acting Secretary. Of course, all Presidents reserve the right to decide important questions of foreign policy, but they usually consult the officials of the State Department with due courtesy. That President Wilson did not do this in the case of Huntington Wilson gave the latter a technical grievance, and justified him in peremptorily resigning if he so wished. But it did not entitle him to lecture the President on the folly of the plans of the Administration. In thus translating his hurt into impudence, the Acting Secretary made the grave diplomatic blunder of over-playing his hand and needlessly putting himself in the wrong. The President's curt acceptance of his resignation naturally followed, and evened up matters on the score of official etiquette.

From Washington come reports of a kind of subdued complaint on the part of foreign representatives there, because they were not informed in advance of our Government's change of policy in the China affair. It is said that we were in a quasi-partnership with five other Powers, and should not have withdrawn without notice to the members of the firm. But the thing was no great secret. It was known for some days that the President's announcement would be what it proved to be. The diplomatists in Washington could not have been ignorant of what was virtually common knowledge. And we are much mistaken if the banking houses here or abroad interested in the Chinese loan were in any doubt what the President's decision would be. Berlin telegrams spoke of the news as causing surprise there, but the London comments implied that a confused and rather hopeless situation, in regard to the six-Power loan, had been cleared up by Wilson's action.

All these criticisms relate to the form, not the substance. It may be that there was a brusque directness about it which did not, in the absence of Secretary Bryan, study the diplomatic *convenances*, but that is not very serious. There are, however, weightier things alleged. It is said that it is all very fine to take our Government out of the six-Power loan, but what is to become of China? She needs a great deal of money to meet her financial obligations and to reorganize her affairs under the new régime, as well as to undertake internal improvements, and where is she now to get it? The implication is that the new American policy somehow leaves China helpless. We talk about our desire to assist the struggling young Chinese Republic, yet we proceed to deprive it of the loans without which it cannot get upon its feet.

For this view we are convinced that there is no substantial warrant. In the first place, it would require some hardihood to assert that the six-Power project had been so glittering a success that any interference with it would be an outrage. How long it had dragged out its weary and inconclusive negotiations, we cannot say exactly, but certainly for many months. Always the transaction was on the point of being definitely closed, and always some new difficulty was arising to defer it. We do not say that there was an attempt to drive a hard bargain with China. The rate at which the money was to be supplied does not seem unreasonable, while it was proposed to take future loans at the market price of Chinese bonds at the time, so that China would have the advantage of any improvement in her credit. But it is not denied that the Chinese Government found much to object to in the proposal. The plan had throughout the appearance, not of something which China was seeking, but of something pressed upon her as a disagreeable necessity. There was a frankly avowed intention to make a certain degree of financial "control" go with the loan. The latter was to be secured by the salt tax, to the continuance of which, as Dr. Morrison pointed out in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the Chinese reformers were strongly opposed. Then it was impossible to exclude the political implications of the six-Power loan. After Russia and Japan, both borrowing nations, had insisted upon being taken into the arrangement, there could not be any doubt on this point. That was another thing which offended Chinese sensibilities. So that it is not a little absurd to represent President Wilson as dashing from China's lips a cup which she was eager to drain. Definite word has not yet come from Peking, but we shall be much surprised if it does not speak of a sense of relief there.

If the six-Power scheme is now abandoned, as it probably will be, there is no reason to doubt that China can float loans by other arrangements. She made a successful beginning last year. A contract for $50,000,000 was made with a London house, and $25,000,000 in Chinese bonds were actually issued. That method of obtaining money was not continued, mainly, it is conceded, because Government pressure of one kind and another was exerted against it. But if the alternative plan urged upon China is dropped, and if the new Republic gives proof of stability, it is hardly to be doubted that loans can be had from bankers without a direct sanction by any Government. It has been done before and can be done again. And the objectors should not overlook those sentences in President Wilson's statement which look to facilitating American banking operations in China and elsewhere, by methods less perilous and less under suspicion than those now given up.

THE NEW SECRETARY ON THE ARMY

The first utterances of a new Secretary of War are naturally scanned with eagerness as a guide to the policy of the Administration. As a whole, we think that Mr. Garrison's position will please neither the big-army men nor those who would have the War Department devote itself to other things than the creation of a military spirit in the land. Briefly, his position may be summed up thus: He does not recommend any increase in the standing army; but he urges a steady development of the National Guard through better instruction, the establishment of a regular-army reserve, and the creation of the machinery by which volunteers may readily be raised in time of emergency.

All of this, he admits, is but his hastily thrown-together thought, and we need not take this declaration too seriously. After he has found himself in his office and has begun to form his own opinions, rather than to take the color of those in his immediate entourage, he may look more deeply and soberly into the questions confronting him. At present he is much impressed by the lack of

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preparedness of the country for a great struggle. Later on he will see that if the hundreds of millions spent upon our seacoast defences have not been wasted, we have a superb system of fortifications, now reinforced by a strong navy. Both of these are ample for the defence of our coast and harbors. If, however, Mr. Garrison means that the country is not prepared in the sense that Germany and France and Russia are prepared, he is correct. Moreover, this country would never be willing to be prepared in that sense; it is a realization perhaps of this that makes him turn to the idea of a better National Guard, a reserve, and a citizen yeomanry in readiness for the call to arms as volunteers.

His plans, he is careful to add, can be achieved without additional cost, or with so little as to be negligible. But he cannot avoid adopting somewhat the language of the extreme militarist, and saying: "Nothing could be more insensate than to refuse to prepare for an emergency because we don't foresee its coming." Upon that theory, any expenditure or sacrifice, any tax-burden, is justified abroad to-day.

However, the Secretary, despite his somewhat bellicose language, looks to a citizen soldiery rather than to professionals. His present professional advisers will tell him that this is all wrong. Gens. Wood and Bliss have been preaching 250,000 men and officers as the minimum for the standing force. Taking up, however, his plan for better instruction for the militia, Mr. Garrison will need to spend many an hour in study of it. There is grave question how far the closer association of the regulars and the militia has improved the latter. The militia complains with much truth that in the past ten years it has been a school of instruction for regular officers, who have profited at its expense; that the big joint manœuvres have had their chief use in informing the regular generals and staff how not to feed and march and overwork the citizens who leave their offices every year to manœuvre in the open. Mr. Garrison will, we believe, find that the militia cannot be made the reserve he hopes without more and more destroying its usefulness as *State* troops. On the one hand, he will find, if they talk frankly to him, some army officers who go so far as to say that the regulars are "fast approximating the standards of the militia" as a result of present conditions; on the other, he will find a newspaper like the Boston *Herald* soberly explaining the excellent appearance in Washington of the First Massachusetts Regiment of Coast Artillery, on the ground that it has but once been brought into contact with regulars in joint manœuvres!

As for the seven-year enlistment term just introduced by Congress, Mr. Garrison is enthusiastically for it; so may anybody safely be now, but no one will know for five years at least whether this law, which makes a man serve four years with troops and be for three years on call in reserve, in return for small payments, is actually workable. Whether the men in civil life can be kept track of remains to be seen. And there is much else for Mr. Garrison to consider. No department at Washington offers a better opportunity for executive and administrative success. Let him first think for himself, break up the War Department cliques, curb the General Staff, muzzle the generals who would arm every adult, drive politics out of the army, and save the millions upon millions squandered by inefficient and unbusinesslike methods, and he will reflect great honor on himself and the Administration. More than that, he will in this way do more towards really creating an efficient army and strengthening our defensive power than by spending months upon months in experimenting with militia or reserves.

HOW RAPIDLY WE CHANGE.

Woman having been driven from her historic sphere, the home, by the developments of modern industry, she has gone in for—well, everything that the modern woman is going in for. This is perhaps the most familiar assertion in the text-book of militant feminism. It is a formula which seems on the face of the facts so true that one rarely stops to consider just how true it is. We know by simple observation that the domestic occupations of woman are taken away from her by the factory baker, the factory clothier, and the factory laundry. We know by simple observation that women are crowding into the factories, the business offices, and the professions. Consequently, when the ardent feminist demands whether man, having forced woman out of the home by his many inventions, will venture to deny her the rights which go with her new functions in society, the fair-minded reply seems obvious.

But a doubt arises, Why, after such a stupendous change, should the world be so very much like what it was before the home was destroyed? There are notable differences, too, no doubt. The attitude of the sexes towards each other is not what it was a generation ago. This and other differences assume importance when the question of woman's position is under debate. But when one is not debating, but merely living, the sense of change is not so apparent. The family is so intimately bound up with civilization, that the destruction of the home must inevitably bring a new world into existence. We look about us and find that in the great essentials the world is still what it used to be. There are movements, agitations, propagandas, reforms, readjustments; but life itself is still entirely recognizable for what it was. What can be the explanation?

One explanation may be built up after a few minutes' study of the statistics of industry in the United States Census. Before consulting the Government's figures, the reader might well pause and ask himself the simple question, How many more women are there in industry to-day than there were twenty years ago? If in New York, he will think of Broadway during the rush hour, of the armies of women workers who have of late years been waging the most picturesque of our labor wars, and he will probably say, "Oh, I don't know. Three times as many. Five times as many." If he should be warned against the very simple error of counting actual increase in numbers without allowing for the increase in population, he will modify his estimate, but still maintain that the growth of wage-earning women has been enormous. He may now glance at the Census figures. In 1880 the number of women of sixteen years and above engaged in gainful occupations was 16 per cent. of all women in that age class. In 1890 the ratio had risen to 19 per cent. In 1900, the last year for which complete figures are available, the ratio was 20.6 per cent. We do know that between 1899 and 1909 "most of the individual States show comparatively little change in the proportion of women." This applies to women in the

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manufacturing industries only. But we are fairly safe in assuming that, for all classes—wage-earners, the professions, and the trades—the rate of increase during the last ten years has not been very much greater than it was between 1890 and 1900.

The conclusion is plain, therefore, that during these last twenty years of "revolutionary" change in the social status of woman, the exodus from the home to the shops has been much smaller than we are likely to assume. The proportionate number of self-supporting women during these twenty years has not increased five-fold nor three-fold. It has not even doubled. It has not increased by 50 per cent. Roughly speaking, the increase has been about 20 per cent. Where twenty years ago five women above the age of sixteen were working for pay, to-day there are six. It is by no means a negligible change. But neither is it revolution, if we consider what twenty years means at the present pace of civilization. Deduct from this number of self-supporting women all those between the age of sixteen and the average marriage age for women, and the evil effects of our industrial development on the business of home-building are further decreased. In 1890 the number of married women who were also breadwinners was 4.6 per cent. of all the married women in the country. In 1900 the ratio was 5.6; again the increase is not negligible, but again it does not justify confident predictions regarding the speedy extinction of the home.

One important reservation must be made. While the increase in the proportion of women wage-earners, strictly speaking, has been inconsiderable during the last twenty years, the increase of women in the professions and in clerical and mercantile pursuits has been far greater. But here evidently it is not the factory that has forced women to go outside the home. To a large extent they are now performing paid services, where formerly they performed no services at all. In other words, women in salaried and professional classes are largely recruited from the comparatively leisured families. They come from families of higher than the average education. It is in this comparatively small, though important, middle class that the change in the economic status of woman has been most noticeable. And in that fact, too, we find an explanation of the distorted impression regarding the change in the status of womanhood as a whole. Because they come from the class with the facilities and qualifications for self-expression, it is their views and needs that find utterance in the press and in public movements. They aim to speak for the self-supporting women of the nation, but it is inevitable that they should picture conditions with which they themselves are familiar.

In this there is nothing blameworthy. Perhaps the thing is inevitable. But at the same time it is well to remember that among the farmers, the workers, and the small traders of the nation the home is not dissolving.

ENGLAND'S AERIAL DEFENCE.

The trepidation which fills all England whenever it hears the news of another extended voyage by a German dirigible, has led to the promulgation by the British Home Office of an order regulating the use of the air above the "tight little isle," and prescribing the behavior of each and every airship after it finds English territory a mile or so beneath its keel. Never shall it be truthfully said by any Tory that a Liberal Government was remiss in protecting Albion's shores. Hence the appearance of this order just after the news that mysterious lights, presumably from a Zeppelin, have been seen over Manchester, London, and other cities. Primarily, be it noted, there are certain proscribed areas over which no airship may fly, and no foreign military or naval aircraft may pass over any portion of the United Kingdom and its territorial waters "except on the express invitation, or with the express permission previously obtained, of his Majesty's Government." When such an invitation has been extended, there will be special rules of conduct laid down for each case.

As for the proscribed areas, of which there is a long list, no one shall bring an airship to earth or water within three geographical miles of any one of them. Thus, if you should by some accident land 2¾ geographical miles from Cromarty Ness, Allhallow's Church, Spike Island, Thurso Town, or Haulbowline Dockyard, six months in jail (unless shortened by a hunger strike) or a fine of $10,000 will stare you in the face. That this will tend for accuracy in landing goes without saying; we are sure that an air pilot will soon learn to gauge distances so that when flying at forty miles an hour he can tell to a rod just when he is three geographical miles from Teapot Hard, Barking Creek Mouth, Grain Martello Tower, or Chattenden Farm. Loch Long will, however, present its difficulties, for only so much of it as lies north of a line drawn due east from Knap Point (it is well to reduce speed to forty miles while drawing the line) is prohibited. Plainly, here it will be as dangerous for a pilot not to watch his compass as it is necessary for a ship captain to beware of color-blindness in approaching the Black or the Red Sea. But there are certain areas that are unrestricted, and for such of our readers as are going abroad with their aeroplanes this summer, we hasten to print them. They are:

From Fraserburgh to the Ythan River.
From Holy Island to Newbiggin.
From Sutton (Lincolnshire) to Holkham (Norfolk).
From Stansgate Abbey on the Blackwater to Burnham-on-Crouch.
From Margate to Walmer.
From Rye to Eastbourne.
From Hove to Bognor.
From Bridport to Dawlish.

If this list is pasted on the dashboard in front of the pilot, next to the barometer and speedometer, it will simplify his task. But travellers by way of the air must bear other things in mind. To prevent any mere haphazard and casual wandering into British air—as our idle rich sometimes start for Central Park and then decide to invade New Jersey or make an afternoon call in Philadelphia—it is prescribed that before commencing any voyage to the United Kingdom the person in charge of an airship shall report to a duly authorized British consular office in the country from which the voyage is to be undertaken. Not for forty-eight hours thereafter shall the voyager fly into England; and when he appears before the consular officer he shall state accurately in triplicate the answers to these questions:

(1.) Name and registered number (if any) of airship.
(2.) Type of airship.
(3.) Name, nationality, and place of residence of the owner, of the person in charge, and of every member of the crew, and name, profession, nationality, and place of residence of every passenger (if any).
(4.) Nature of cargo, if any.
(5.) Approximate time of departure.

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(6.) Place of departure.
(7.) The intended landing place in the United Kingdom (which must be within one of the prescribed landing areas).
(8.) Proposed destination.
(9.) Object of voyage.

That no triflers need apply is apparent from the fact that a later change of intention, or addition of any cargo or unrecorded passenger, is forbidden. Moreover, when the airship reaches England one cannot make use of a copy of this clearance paper, but must promptly report these few facts as soon as one lands at, let us say, 3⅛ geographical miles from the proscribed area which centres at Barrow-in-Furness Town Hall:

Name and registered number (if any) of aircraft.
Description of aircraft, type, horsepower of engines, capacity of envelope, date of envelope and engines, number of crew, number of passengers, nature of cargo, including personal baggage and goods of every description carried, quantity of petrol or other liquid fuel on board, capacity of fuel tanks; name and nationality and place of residence of owner; name and nationality and place of residence of person in charge; name and nationality and place of residence of crew; name, profession, nationality, and place of residence of passengers (if any); place of departure; proposed destination and route; object of voyage; duration of voyage; number of pilot's certificate.

Of course, no photographic or wireless apparatus, basket of homing pigeons, or explosives may be carried, and no aircraft may quit England, even if a forty-five-mile gale be blowing, until it has descended and landed the authorized Government officer who must sail on every airship after its first arrival in England as long as it hovers over the kingdom (fee at first landing, $15 for airships, $5 for aeroplanes). If any of these terms cannot be complied with because of stress of weather, the airship, even if blown 500 miles to sea, must return promptly (with or without petrol, or other liquid fuel) and report at once by telegram to the British Home Office. Even a British airship must give eighteen hours' notice before flying home, and nobody who travels by air is allowed to stay abroad more than thirty days without bringing down upon him all the powers of the Government. As for the control of the traffic, this is vested in army and navy officers. When an airship takes the wrong course, the nearest fort is to fire three shots at ten-second intervals by day, and by night projectiles showing red stars or lights. If then an aeroplane is unable to land immediately, the operator must leave his wheel and engine and wave a red triangular flag with two black balls superimposed vertically—this even though one may be flying sixty miles an hour 6,000 feet above the land. By night you must wave a white light, like a rear-end brakeman, at the same time extinguishing the side lights which every aircraft carries (including port-hole lights). Altogether, we are more than ever sure, after seeing these regulations, that Britons never, never, shall be slaves. For no foreigner yet heard of would be brave enough to run the gantlet of these regulations.

THE MEMORY OF LIVINGSTONE.

Commemoration in this country and in England of the centenary of David Livingstone's birth has many aspects, but its central significance is easily seen. Though Livingstone was a wonderful explorer, there have been others almost his equals in that respect whose centenary no one has thought of observing. Attempts have been made to show that his achievements were over-estimated, but the sober judgment of the competent is that he did more than any other to make over the map of Africa, first giving the world an approximately correct idea of the interior of that Continent, with its plateaus, river-systems, and lakes. Yet it is not merely as a traveller and geographer that his name is cherished. Nor did his labors as a missionary, pure and simple, bulk so large as to entitle him to this world-wide recognition, forty years after his death. In that special form of activity, many have surpassed him.

What makes his fame so singular and secure is the exalted character and the deep humanity in which his varied qualities were united. He had strong scientific interests, but they were subordinated to his love of human beings, even when lowest in the scale. The enthusiasm and daring of a pioneer were his, yet he always thought of himself as primarily an agent of religion and civilization. Over that "open sore" of the world—the slave-trade in Africa—his heart bled; and he early took a vow, as solemn as Lincoln's against American slavery, to do all in his power to bring it to an end. This was the aspect of him as a man with the broadest human sympathies, to whom the misery of even degraded and forgotten men and women appealed irresistibly, that most powerfully caught and longest held the imagination of the civilized world. The rest might fade or be overlooked, but David Livingstone who carried the wretched millions of Africa in his heart was bound to endure in the memory of mankind.

In his own narratives and letters, and in what has been written by others about his methods, the outstanding fact is the law of kindness that was always on his lips and that consistently ruled him in all his intercourse with the natives. His trust in his fellow-men was almost as implicit as in the Eternal Goodness. It never entered his mind that he must "impress the Oriental imagination," in our proud but fallacious modern phrase, by acts of brute force. Not for him were the arms and violence and terrorism which have unhappily marked too many African exploring parties. With only a handful of attendants, he crossed the vast stretches of the interior, lost himself in the jungle, lay fever-stricken by the shores of lakes and the banks of rivers, never doubting that the simple good faith in which he confided himself to the natives would be his sufficient shield and buckler. He was justified by the result; for the veneration in which he was held throughout his travels, and the devotion of his African followers to their "great master," as they called him, were a tribute at once to his sagacity and his human kindness. Even when, as more than once happened, he had to witness terrible atrocities inflicted by the traders upon the groaning slave-gangs, he restrained his hot impulse to pistol the murderous ruffians. The weapons of his warfare were spiritual. Hence came his moral grandeur, and the extraordinary testimony which his life bore to moral forces.

Americans of a generation back got their most vivid knowledge of Livingstone through Henry M. Stanley. The remarkable influence which Livingstone exerted upon Stanley, in the time they were together, has not often been noted, although the latter freely confessed it. But the fact is that Stanley was thereafter a changed man. He had been simply a keen and somewhat jaunty newspaper correspondent, ready to face hard-

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ship and go anywhere in order to get a sensational bit of news. But it seemed as if virtue went out of Livingstone to Stanley; for thereafter he entered upon the phase of his life which, with all its unhappy mistakes, brought out his great qualities and won him his place on the list of African explorers. It all dated from that historic meeting in Ujiji.

GERMAN BOOKS ON AMERICA.

A conversation which took place in the editorial rooms of the *Gartenlaube* some two years ago has given rise to a very practical little book by Kurt Aram, "Mit hundert Mark nach Amerika" (Berlin: F. Fontane & Co.). The question had come up how a German without means would fare in America to-day. The author volunteered to try the experiment. The *Gartenlaube* furnished a steerage ticket and the obligatory twenty-five dollars (one hundred marks), and the playwright and novelist, Kurt Aram, started on his mission. The letters in which he reported his progress to the *Gartenlaube* form the bulk of the book. When the experiment was concluded he had seen the country from the angle of the usual visitor, but on surveying the books on America when he returned to Berlin, he decided upon a radical departure from the beaten track of impressions and interpretations. He felt that he could serve a greater number of his countrymen by a simple record of his experiences as immigrant, and he not only limited himself to these, but preceded them by a catechism for emigrants and a synopsis of the American Constitution.

"Fritz Müller," as he called himself while playing his part, has little to say that is new, but what he says makes a direct appeal to the foreigner. That no one who is not young, strong, and healthy should think of going to America to earn a living, that the country is preferable to the city, and that those who intend to remain in America should by all means become citizens, these and other prudent counsels cannot be too frequently repeated. His account of steerage conditions contains hints that might be heeded by the companies and the cabin passengers. One incident deserves mention. Among the ladies of the first cabin that had watched the sordid scenes on the steerage deck as one watches a menagerie, one threw down a pair of old gloves, and these not being noticed, sent after them an old stocking. A young Hungarian administered a well-merited rebuke by picking up these "gifts" and throwing them back at the "donor." Ellis Island comes in for a good deal of sharp censure. The manners of a German "Unteroffizier" are called gentle in comparison with those of the immigrant officials. That the author roused suspicion by not being ready to state his profession, seems natural, but that he escaped annoyances and possible deportation by stating that he had one thousand dollars with him, and, being in a free country, could do as he pleased, is likely to be cited as proof that the dollar standard is the only one applied to men and things in America. His brief career as immigrant began in a furnished room in Hoboken, but its chief scene was a saloon on West Street, where the new arrival made his first acquaintances and received tips on available jobs. He ran the gamut of "Frankfort" peddler in a pleasure resort, waiter in a restaurant, porter in a German clubhouse, man-of-all-work in a furnished-room house, and coachman; and by strict economy succeeded in making the two ends meet. When he left the last place with $23 in his pocket, he changed his linen, brushed up, and strolled along Broadway. Entering a restaurant, on the windows of which shone the magic words, "Würzburger Hofbräu," he heard a waiter call "Ein Sauerbraten und Kartoffelklösse"—and surrendered. He looked with dismay at his shabby clothing and the traces of rude labor on his hands, and "Fritz Müller, from Berlin, Germany, profession none," rose from that dinner as Kurt Aram, playwright and novelist, or as Herr Hans Fischer, which is the author's name in private life.

The lectures which Dr. John Firman Coar delivered a year ago as representative of the Germanistische Gesellschaft before German universities and other audiences, have appeared in print and take a place among the valuable contributions to German literature on America. In his "Wollen und Können in Amerika" (Berlin: Universitäts-Buchdruckerei von Gustav Schade), he shows some of the ethical motives underlying the material manifestations of American life. Among other noteworthy passages is the one in which he dwells upon the essentially humanitarian spirit back of some American undertakings which have been misinterpreted as expressions of national ambition. He proves that this spirit conforms with the ideal of humanity cherished by Klopstock, Herder, Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, and other German thinkers towards the end of the eighteenth century. Dr. Coar calls the American people justly a new people, *i. e.*, one still in the making, instead of insisting, as most foreign writers do, upon its being a young people. In this newness he finds the explanation of many traits of American life that strike one as crude and dismal. He does not attempt to ignore or excuse them, but calls attention to their causes, to conditions which foreign observers cannot readily grasp, even if they have lived in the country.

A. von Ende.

THE WESTERN ECONOMIC SOCIETY.

Chicago, March 18.

Scientific Management was the subject of the Fifth Conference of the Society, held at Chicago on March 14 and 15. The attendance at each of the five sessions indicated an interest exceeding that which any previous programme of the Society had aroused.

The opening paper of the conference, on "The Spirit and Social Significance of Scientific Management," was presented by Mr. Morris L. Cooke, Director of Public Works of Philadelphia, a prominent exponent of the principles of management which are associated with the name of Mr. Frederick W. Taylor. Mr. H. P. Kendall, manager of the Plimpton Press, admirably illustrated the difference between scientific management and the mere introduction of unenlightened system into industrial methods. Mr. Sanford E. Thompson, speaking on "Time Study and Task Setting," pointed out the importance of minutely analyzing and timing the elementary motions of operatives at work, in order that, by study of the unit-times thus observed, rates of remuneration may be fixed and operations standardized and brought into efficient coördination. Mr. Hollis Godfrey and Mr. Carl G. Barth—known as the inventor of the Barth slide-rules for the determination of appropriate machine-speeds—contributed accounts of the results of scientific management in various industrial applications. Mr. Amasa Walker, of Longmans, Green & Co., interestingly indicated the possibilities of the scientific distribution of goods, and by elaborating a scheme of specialization in selling and of "functional salesmanship," carried the idea of scientific management over from industry into commerce. Mr. Harrington Emerson's theme was "Organization and Personnel."

The significance of scientific management for the laborer proved to be the topic about which the most active and most interesting discussion revolved. This was the topic assigned for the principal session of the Conference; and again at the concluding session Mr. Frank B. Gilbreth and Mr. Cooke, who spent a whole afternoon in answering questions, found the labor question dominant. On the side of the efficiency experts Mr. C. B. Thompson had led the way to the labor question by showing how scientific management had laid a foundation for determining positively what is a fair day's work. Mr. Hudson W. Reed attempted to indicate the many ways in which scientific management contributes to the advantage of the laborer. But organized labor remained unconvinced. The principal spokesman of the unions, Mr. John P. Frey, editor of the *International Moulders' Journal*, expressed their contention that scientific

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management tends to overdrive the worker by speeding up and by bonuses, reduces him to the position of a semi-automatic attachment to a machine, denies him a due share of the increased earnings which result, and, above all, treats with him as an individual and thereby breaks down the collective bargaining upon which organized labor has fixed its hopes of ameliorating the conditions of work. It was to little purpose that Mr. Gilbreth, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Barth, and others affirmed their belief that scientific management was compatible with collective bargaining and held no menace for the laborer. The parties still failed to reach an understanding. The professional mind of the engineer seems not to grasp the policy of solidarity to which the trades unions are at present committed. In this respect, the engineer shares the limitations of the typical employer. The labor leaders, in their turn, seem hardly to appreciate the need of recognizing scientific management as a movement too vital to be resisted, and therefore requiring compromise and adjustment. For here, once more, is presented a problem of mitigating the hardships of economic change such as came, for example, with the day of machine methods. Possibly, given time for reflection, such discussion as this Conference brought out will aid advisers, employers, and employed to recognize in scientific management a mutual benefit.

JAMES A. FIELD.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The other day while hunting for something else I came upon this item in the *General Repository* of Cambridge, Mass., for July, 1813:

Walter Scott.—The following statement is printed by desire of the publishers of the comparative sale of Rokeby and the Lady of the Lake. Sold of the Lady of the Lake in nearly four months (June 2 to September 22, 1810)—

2,000	4tos, at 2 gs.....	£4,200
6,000	8vos, at 12s.....	3.600
8,000		£7,800

Sold of Rokeby in 3 months (Jan. 14 to April 14, 1813)—

3,000	4tos, at 2 gs.....*	£6,048
5,000	8vos, at 14s.....	3,500
8,000		£9,548

*Less 126 remaining.

This demand is unexampled, and evinces the increasing popularity of this favorite poet.

That is to say: the sale of 2,000 copies of the "Lady of the Lake" at, roughly, $10 a copy, and of 6,000 copies at $3, so exhilarated the publishers that when they issued "Rokeby" they put out 3,000 copies at $10, and raised the price of the other 5,000 50 cents a copy, so that 8,000 copies of "Rokeby" brought in nearly $10,000 more than the same number of copies of the "Lady of the Lake"!

As a rule, poetry in England has sold at a price that was reasonable, even if not cheap. Dodsley's three-volume "Miscellany" (1748) cost the purchaser only 9 shillings; Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," that same year, was 3 shillings; the "Deserted Village" (1770) was a 2-shilling quarto; Hayley's "Triumphs of Temper" (1781), which ran through a dozen editions, was 6 shillings; "Perdita," Robinson's "Poems" (1791), in a handsome octavo with a print of one of Sir Joshua's portraits of her, and with a long list of noble subscribers, brought a guinea—but Mistress Robinson was a beauty and an actress as well as a poetess, and her publication was virtually a "benefit." In 1796, Cottle, who had bought the copyright of Southey's "Joan of Arc," issued it in a quarto volume at a guinea, presumably with the idea of giving a provincial press a high-sounding start; the two volumes of "Thalaba" (1801), however, were priced at only 7 shillings a volume. The "Lyrical Ballads" sold for 5 shillings, Landor's "Gebir" for 2s. 6d., and Hayley's "Triumph of Music," a quarto by a poet of reputation, for 10s. 6d. Scott, therefore, was doing a somewhat audacious and risky thing when he published the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" in January, 1805, at 25 shillings. Nevertheless, he sold that year 750 quartos, as well as 1,500 octavos at 10s. 6d., and nearly 10,000 more before "Marmion" appeared. Success brought increase of boldness, and when "Marmion" came out in February, 1808, the publishers issued 2,000 quartos at a guinea and a half. In spite of this increase in price, the 2,000 quartos sold in less than a month, and were followed by 3,000 octavos at 12 shillings, also an increase in price. With the "Lady of the Lake" in 1810, Scott raised the price to two guineas—and in spite of everything, not only sold unprecedented quantities of the new poem, but also 5,000 copies of "Marmion" and some 1,500 of the "Lay."

During these years of Scott's harvest, almost no other volumes of poetry brought anything like such prices. The only ones I have found are Southey's "Madoc" (1806) and Hodgson's translation of Juvenal (1808), both in quarto at 2 guineas. On the other hand, Wordsworth's two volumes in 1807 cost 11 shillings, Crabbe's "Poems" (1808) brought 8s. 6d., and Lamb's "Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets" (1808) 10s. 6d.

Fortunately for buyers, Scott's outrageous prices for poetry failed to set a fashion. Just for comparison, here are some prices taken almost at random: At 4 shillings, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" (1809), "Original Poems by Victor and Cazire" (1810), Browning's "Strafford" (1837), Mrs. Browning's "Poems before Congress" (1860), and English editions of Longfellow's "Poems and Ballads," and "Voices of the Night" (1843). At 4s. 6d., "Christabel, Kubla Khan and Other Poems" (1816), Shelley's "Cenci" (1820), and Arnold's "Strayed Reveller" (1849). At 5 shillings, "Childe Harold, Canto III," the "Corsair," the "Siege of Corinth," and "Mazeppa"; Tennyson's "Poems chiefly Lyrical" (1832), the "Princess" (1847), "Maud" (1855), and "Demeter" (1889); Bailey's "Festus" (1839), Browning's "Dramatic Idylls" (1879), "Ferishtah's Fancies" (1884), and "Asolando" (1889), and Mrs. Browning's "Casa Guidi Windows" (1851). At 5s. 6d., the "Bride of Abydos" (1812) and Arnold's "Poems" (1853). At 6 shillings, "Hours of Idleness" (1807), Tennyson's two volumes of 1842, "In Memoriam" (1850), "Enoch Arden" (1864), and "Queen Mary" (1875); Browning's "Paracelsus" (1835), and the two volumes of "Men and Women" (1855); Mrs. Browning's two volumes of "Poems" (1844), and Arnold's "Empedocles on Etna" (1852). At 6s. 6d., Hunt's "Story of Rimini" (1816).

Among the higher prices I have noted were: Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" (1821), at 9 shillings; "Childe Harold, Cantos I and II," quarto 30 shillings, octavo 12 shillings; "Aurora Leigh" (1856) and "Lucile" (1860), 12 shillings each; "Lays of Ancient Rome" (1842) and Landor's "Last Fruit off an Old Tree" (1853), 10s. 6d. each; the four volumes of the "Ring and the Book," 7-and-6 each; the "Prelude" (1850), 14 shillings, and the "Spanish Gipsy" (1868), 12s. 6d.

These examples, which run pretty well through the century and include volumes of various kinds, many of them by poets whose names alone would insure a heavy sale, make the prices of Scott's poems seem the work of some ultra-modern monopoly, shamelessly levying tribute on art and literature. It must be remembered, too, that these two-guinea editions of Scott's poems were not illustrated editions, but merely "large-paper" copies; they were not exceptional specimens of the printer's art, like the books of the Foulis brothers or of Baskerville a generation earlier; the price bore no reasonable relation to the cost of production, and the editions were not limited in the modern sense. Schiavonetti's engravings of Blake's designs for Blair's "Grave" (1808) at two guineas and a half were cheap by comparison; and so was Rogers's "Italy," with illustrations by Stothard and Turner, at 28 shillings. A modern two-guinea edition of a poem is a very different thing from Scott's; for example, a few years ago Mr. Heinemann issued the "Midsummer Night's Dream" in an edition de luxe on hand-made paper, with 40 illustrations in color by Arthur Rackham, each plate mounted, limited to 1,000 numbered and signed copies. The publisher's returns may have been handsome, but the price of 2 guineas bore at least some relation to the cost of production and to the artistic results of skilfully applied technical processes.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that very cheap editions of *new* poems have rarely sold well. In 1840 or 1841, Edward Moxon, the publisher, told Browning of a plan he had to issue new poems in what were really paper-covered pamphlets at a very low price. Browning at once fell in with the plan, and between 1841 and 1846 Moxon published for him the eight numbers of "Bells and Pomegranates." The first number sold for sixpence, the next five for a shilling each, the seventh for two shillings, and the last for 2s. 6d. It is mortifying to have to record that Number Five (the "Blot on the 'Scutcheon") was the only one to go into a second edition, but that the sales picked up when Moxon raised the price. A sad change from the days when the poets offered and the public bought fresh from the press Johnson's "London" or his "Vanity of Human Wishes" for a shilling; Mason's "Isis" or Gray's "Elegy" for sixpence; and Johnson's "Irene," or Home's "Douglas," or the "Traveller," or "She Stoops to Conquer" for 1s. 6d.!

One other instance of cheap publication is interesting both for its success and for the reasons that prompted it. In 1843, Richard Henry Horne (he had not then changed Henry to Hengist) issued his epic poem

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"Orion" at the price of one farthing. Three editions sold at this price (in spite of the fact that if the books were sent by mail purchasers must forward nine stamps, *i. e.*, ninepence), a fourth sold at a shilling, and two more at 2s. 6d. The author never received a penny for his poem, but the later editions reimbursed his publisher, who incontinently went bankrupt as a result of a less fortunate venture. In 1872, in the "Brief Commentary" prefixed to the first library edition (a seven-shilling book), Horne gave the following reasons for his cheap editions—surely among the most curious on record:

As there was scarcely any instance of an Epic Poem attaining any reasonable circulation during its author's lifetime (certainly not up to *that* period, with the exception of Voltaire's "Henriade"), the first, second, and third editions of "Orion" were published gratuitously—that is, they were published at a nominal price, the least coin of the realm, to avoid the trouble and greatly additional expense of forwarding presentation copies; which, moreover, are not always particularly desired by those who receive them.

In their prices "Orion" and "Rokeby" represent extremes; fortunately neither Horne nor Scott had much effect upon the price of poetry. Scott, however, as I hope to show in another paper, did have a decisive influence upon the three-volume novel.

EDWARD PAYSON MORTON.

Correspondence

OUR IRREPRESSIBLE PRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I say another word about the evils of newspaper sensationalism? My letter to the *Nation* of January 16 on "The Ethics of News Suppression" has been, like poor Banquo's ghost, stalking abroad in the land and will not down. And when I seek an explanation of this phenomenon, I can find but one answer: I used the words "hell" and "sewer" in my first paragraph. Isn't it, Mr. Editor, a striking proof of the deplorable condition of our American press, when, with its nose for news, it seeks out such words in a modest letter of four paragraphs on the tenth page of a conservative journal?

Mr. Louis Brandeis, who really has a high opinion of the newspapers when they are free, says that while fighting the special interests of Boston some years ago, he had to make the news so dramatic that it called out to heaven before the papers would give it attention. Can it be possible that Blease at Richmond discovered the real secret, and, calling out to the right place, met with an immediate response? At any rate, the case stands clear that news must be made dramatic, or it will not be news in the eyes, or nose, of the ordinary paper. And I am still inclined to believe that there is entirely too much of the cheaply melodramatic in our news columns.

Why is it that the ordinary newspaper is a tacit confession to the belief that sensationalism, too often in connection with wrongdoing, is a necessary financial asset to American journalism? Simply because sensationalism has paid in the past; and its power, it is said, was first discovered in America by James Franklin, the brother of Benjamin. Thus we see that both these brothers made discoveries which have been potent forces in American life; but there is this difference: Benjamin snatched electricity from heaven, whereas James caught the secret of sensationalism from—but I refrain.

And have we not here the secret of such cries as "censorship," "suppression of free speech," "reactionary methods," which are heard from newspapers generally when any amelioration of present conditions is suggested? Such cries were provoked even by my letter; but they were heard much more distinctly when Senator Bourne had passed in Congress the Newspaper Publicity law, and, again, when George H. Dunlop, of the Los Angeles *Municipal News*, suggested a publicly owned newspaper as a remedy for existing evils of the press.

In defence of their position, newspaper men say that sensationalism leads to reform. But if so, why place it before others than legislators, sociological workers, and the more intelligent people who are our sole dependence for reform? It is very doubtfully necessary there; and when employed as it is now, it places its purveyor in as fallacious a position as that of the saloon-keeper, who, as Charles Dudley Warner said, "does not merely offer to satisfy an existing demand, but stimulates and creates an appetite by which he profits."

Again, it is asserted that an editorial attitude offsets whatever evil results may follow from sensationalism applied to all types of news on the front page. One newspaper man, whose statements I have before me, throws all responsibility on the editorials after first contending that the news must be made sensational in order to be readable. What of the editorials then? This same writer, in answer to my statement that detailed accounts of ingenious and suggestive crime have an immoral influence upon the weaker and criminally inclined elements of our population, says: "This would be true if the newspapers did not assume an editorial attitude on all criminal actions." Such argument ignores the fact that ten, perhaps twenty-five, men read the front page, while one man reads the editorials. In other words, this argument would place on the most prominent street of a city a saloon carrying all grades of whiskey all the time, with sensational and alluring signs on the front of the building, sell the alcohol at prices from one to five cents, and then leave it to the discretion of the customers to step back through the alley to a modest little church completely surrounded by walls higher than itself and hear preached from the sanctum of the man who owns or operates the front establishment the evils of the stimulant they have consumed.

Of course, an inactive public opinion is largely responsible for the continuance of this condition. And if those newspapers who objected to my first letter will admit that sensationalism is necessary to arouse public opinion in this case, then I concede a value in the least censurable part of their methods of reform, so far as it is aimed to have an effect upon intelligent and right-minded people.

CHAS. V. STANSELL.

Ottawa, Kan., March 18.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE SMALL INVESTOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I do not question the general soundness of your views as expressed in your articles on finance, but as an investor in a small way I believe that very many are deterred, as I am, from freely buying railway and other securities because of the apathy with which the general public views the extreme and continually advancing demands upon such corporations by their employees. We are deterred also by the apathy of the public before the arrogant attitude of the leaders of labor unions, and before their half-veiled sympathy with the fiendish outrages which have been perpetrated in furtherance of their schemes. One of the last acts of ex-President Taft was to veto a bill which aimed to single out these organizations as superior to all others in the land, making them exempt from the restrictions of law to which all others are subject; yet we heard of no outbreak of indignation over that bill. I could find in our Baltimore daily papers no hint of the acts of violence recently perpetrated against the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, when the latter had successfully operated in spite of a strike against them. If the press is silent and legislators range themselves with those who have shown themselves unscrupulous enemies of invested wealth, and if this awakens no popularly expressed indignation, do you wonder if many of us hesitate to invest our savings in stocks and bonds?

T. E. C.

Baltimore, Md., March 20.

THE SUBMERGED PROFESSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The New York *Times* of March 4 contained the following statement in its brief summary of the career of Secretary William Gibbs McAdoo:

Mr. McAdoo was born near Marietta, Ga., on October 31, 1863. The Civil War cost the family all of its possessions, and Mr. McAdoo's father, who had been a Judge and a soldier, was afterward forced to take up teaching as a professor at the University of Tennessee.

Many of us still living sat at the feet of former soldiers who, "armed with resolution," took up the arduous task of schoolmaster or professor at the close of the war. They were often appointed, not to a chair, but to a veritable divan, teaching sometimes as many as four or five subjects. They were, for the most part, modest and simple men, who performed their duties with conscientiousness and dignity. They were, nearly all of them, as far as possible from the military pedant described by Addison in the *Spectator*. The glory of these brave men was so great and their adopted career so respected that we are warranted in conjecturing that the author of the words, "who had been a Judge and a soldier, was afterwards forced to take up teaching as a professor," belongs to the younger generation. The capital letter of "Judge" as compared with the humble initial of "professor," and the implication in "forced to," will escape no one. While our first feeling on reading the above statement is one of amusement, the matter has a serious side. The columns of the *Nation* have more than once borne witness to a relative loss in the dignity of the profes-

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sorial career. In conclusion, has not the recent news item that a late President of the United States is to become a professor at a salary of five thousand dollars a year, whereas his private secretary is to go to a business position at four times this salary, a peculiar significance in a country whose only standard of success is money?

RAYMOND WEEKS.

Columbia University, March 16.

FARNOL AND DEKKER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Various critics of Jeffery Farnol's latest romance, "The Amateur Gentleman," have quoted with admiring comment as a novel presentation of an undefinable word the wandering preacher's definition of a gentleman:

> A gentleman, young Sir, is (I take it) one born with the Godlike capacity to think and feel for others, irrespective of their rank or condition; . . . one who possesses an ideal so lofty, a mind so delicate, that it lifts him above all things ignoble and base, yet strengthens his hands to raise those who are fallen—no matter how low. This, I think, to be truly a gentleman, and, of all gentle men, Jesus of Nazareth was the first.

Mr. Farnol's works show him to be a reader of wide and sympathetic tastes. It is impossible in a novel to give credit for every suggestion, but the author would probably be the last to deny his indebtedness for this striking thought to Thomas Dekker. Perhaps Dekker will longest be remembered for a single passage in one play, the very title of which cannot now be mentioned to ears polite, but which may be called "Bellafront" from the name of the heroine:

> Patience, my lord! 'tis the soul of peace:
> Of all virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven;
> It makes men look like Gods—The best of men,
> That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer,
> A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
> The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.

FRANK W. HOYT.

Montclair, March 17.

OUR GENIAL POST OFFICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This our government of the people, by the people, and for the people occasionally does some remarkable things. The act of August 24, 1912, requiring semi-annual sworn statements of ownership, circulation, and many other interesting things, of periodicals, was at the time properly criticised in the newspapers, and is now before the Supreme Court on the question of Constitutionality.

The new, clean-sweeping broom of Mr. Wilson's Postmaster-General would have the law applied to foreign periodicals as well. He would require newspaper agencies which have entered foreign periodicals as second-class matter at the New York Post Office to file sworn statements for every one of them as to editor, owner, known (?) bondholders of 1 per cent. or more; and demands the publication of such statements twice a year in these foreign papers. Think of submitting such a request to the publishers of the London *Times*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, or the *Kölnische Zeitung!* This government would become the laughing stock of the world.

RISUM TENEATIS.

New York, March 19.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the time that my "Journal of an Expedition Across Venezuela and Colombia" was published I was absent from this country on an expedition to South America. An appendix on "Temperature and Weather" was prepared from my notes by Mr. Burton M. Varney, of Harvard University. Owing to a misunderstanding which would not have arisen had I been in this country, or had Mr. Varney not been so very modest, this acknowledgment was not included in the preface.

An "Additional Note" stating this fact has been prepared in such a form that it may readily be inserted in the volume in question. If any of your readers who own copies of the book will send a line to that effect either to the Yale University Press or to me, I shall be very glad to furnish them with the inset.

HIRAM BINGHAM.

Yale University, March 21.

Literature

THE BALKAN WAR.

With the Victorious Bulgarians. By Lieut. Hermenegild Wagner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3 net.

With the Turks in Thrace. By Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3 net.

With the Conquered Turk. By Lionel James. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $2 net.

The Balkan War Drama. By Cyril Campbell. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. $1.40 net.

No one looks for a definitive account of how battles have been lost and won in the hastily compiled war books of the professional newspaper correspondents. All the four volumes on our list were obviously written within a few weeks after the events with which they deal. The armistice in the Balkans, which was generally assumed to mark the end of hostilities, turned out to be only a truce. We have here, therefore, the story of a war told while the war is still in progress. Evidently, there was no chance to correct the impressions of the moment by such information as is generally forthcoming after peace has been signed and the General Staffs have nothing more to gain by a policy of reticence. But in the present instance the situation is more than ordinarily complicated. Readers are by this time familiar with the difficulties under which the correspondents labored in the Balkans. On the Bulgarian side the newspaper men were subjected to a censorship of such extraordinary rigor that just one correspondent of the large number that gathered at Sophia upon the outbreak of hostilities succeeded in getting even into approximate touch with the march of events. This man was, of course, Lieut. Wagner. On the Turkish side the censorship was far less strict. But by pursuing a policy of characteristic evasion and delay, the Turks succeeded in keeping nearly all of the accredited war correspondents at a comfortable distance behind the battle line. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, of the London *Telegraph*, did escape from Turkish hospitality in time to see the fighting at Lule Burgas, though only in one portion of the field. Mr. James, of the London *Times*, was also at Lule Burgas on the decisive day. But between the stories of the two men there are important discrepancies which time must resolve.

An additional element of uncertainty arises from the sharp contradiction between the accounts given by the English correspondents and that furnished by Lieut. Wagner, in regard to many important features of the campaign in Thrace. The case of Lieut. Wagner is by this time celebrated. For weeks the outside world was dependent for its information upon Wagner's dispatches to the Vienna *Reichspost*. That he alone of all the correspondents at the front should have been in a position to know the truth was finally explained on the hypothesis that Lieut. Wagner was virtually a press agent for the Bulgarian army. He dated his dispatches from army headquarters, and his knowledge of operations was at times so minute as to favor the assumption that his information emanated from the Bulgarian General Staff, and was, therefore, to be accepted with a degree of suspicion. This hypothesis was held to be confirmed later, when it was shown that a sanguinary battle at Tchorlu reported by Wagner as following upon the Turkish defeat at Lule Burgas had never taken place. Lieut. Wagner reported important Bulgarian successes in front of the Tchatalja lines, and these, too, were subsequently disproved.

Wagner's explanation, in the present volume, of just what his status was at Bulgarian headquarters is not illuminative. He does admit that his personal experience with the armies in the field was confined to a brief visit to the army of investment around Adrianople. But it is his contention that war correspondence under modern conditions can be carried on only by the methods he pursued—that is, by choosing a base of operations in close touch with official sources of information; by interviewing prisoners of war, refugees, and friendly officers among the victors; by an expert study of large-scale maps. He denies that his telegrams were dictated to him by the Bulgarian authorities. Yet he speaks of a mysterious mission the nature of which he is not yet at liberty to disclose, and his book is published with a preface by the Bulga-

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rian Premier. It is, therefore, undeniable that he enjoyed exceptional favor in official circles. The English correspondents notwithstanding, Wagner persists in speaking of a bitterly fought battle at Tchorlu. He gives a minute account of a severe fight at Kirk Kilisseh, preceding the decisive struggle at Lule Burgas, whereas the opinion seems to be now that there was no battle to speak of at Kirk Kilisseh, but that the Turks fled from the town in sudden panic.

Yet, with so many reservations to make, Lieut. Wagner's narrative is easily the most satisfactory account of the war as a whole; and this, not only because his story, after all disputed points have been cancelled, presents a faithful picture of the campaign in Thrace in its broad aspects. Lieut. Wagner's is incomparably the most comprehensive of the four books that we are now concerned with. His knowledge of the people and the country is of the most intimate nature. The book is a condensed encyclopædia of Bulgarian history, biography, and politics. Wagner's analysis of the historical forces that brought about the conflict, and of the strategical and political factors that determined its course, is excellent. His book will have permanent value for the student of Balkan affairs in the future. It is also eminently readable.

Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett enjoys the distinction of having been an eye-witness of the heaviest fighting of the war. He was in personal relations with the commander-in-chief of the Turkish forces in the battle of Lule Burgas-Bunarhissar. Of that bitter struggle, so far as it came under his own observation, he has given us a most brilliant description. His account squares with that of his colleague of the London *Times* and of Lieut. Wagner in regard to the main outlines of the battle. At Lule Burgas and Bunarhissar the Turks fought with desperate valor. They succumbed to superiority of numbers, to the tremendous effectiveness of the Bulgarian artillery, and, last but not least, to their own pitiable lack of preparation. For three days the Turks were without food, and during the greater part of the time without heavy ammunition. The splendid courage with which the Second Turkish Corps charged again and again in the face of a withering fire has been vividly told by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett. His fine battle pictures and his somewhat over-impressionistic but engrossing account of the flight of the beaten army make the reader forget the wearisome detail of the earlier part of the book, in which the fate of the peoples of the Near East seems largely subordinated to the adventures of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, his dragomans, and his motor car. This undoubtedly is to be explained in part by the special circumstances under which the newspaper men did their work in Thrace. Certainly, no one will quarrel with the author's story of how he and Mr. Donohoe, of the London *Chronicle*, "got through" the first detailed story of Lule Burgas by a wild dash from the battlefield to Rodosto, to Constantinople, and so to Constanza, in Rumania.

What is a defect in Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett assumes the dimensions of a vice with Mr. Lionel James. His book is less an account of battle than a narrative of personal adventure. It is primarily the story of the English war correspondents with the Turks, a book rich in nicknames, personal banter, and light philosophy. Nevertheless, it is an honest book because of the very fact that it deals only with what the writer saw with his own eyes. He witnessed the turn of the tide at Lule Burgas without waiting for the final catastrophe. With regard to the aftermath of Lule Burgas, Mr. James takes issue with both Wagner and Ashmead-Bartlett. The *Reichspost* correspondent insists that there was a hard-fought battle at Tchorlu several days after Lule Burgas. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett insists that there was no battle, but that there was panic and rout. Mr. James asserts that there was neither battle nor panic. Contrary to the statement of Wagner, he writes:

> While the privileged Vienna newspaper was telling Europe of the Turkish Sedan which had made the dry bed of the Tchorlu River run red with Ottoman blood, the Bulgarian armies, faint and exhausted, were resting on their arms, counting their losses and thanking the Christian's God that something had intervened to make the Turks evacuate the positions which they themselves were too exhausted to face again.

Against Ashmead-Bartlett, he writes:

> Here was the Centurion [Mr. James] at Tchorlu, six days after the general retirement of the Turkish army was ordered from the line Lule-Burgas-Viza. Tchorlu was only thirty-five kilometres—that is, one day's march—from the battlefield. At Tchorlu was a Turkish rear guard. For five days neither of these divisions had fired a single round. Where, then, was the rout? Some one or another had lost his sense of proportion.

It is plain that we are still in need of exact knowledge as to what happened after Lule Burgas.

Mr. Cyril Campbell was with the Servian forces in Macedonia. The campaign was much less stubborn than the one in Thrace, though in view of what Mr. Campbell has to say of the hard-fought battle at Kumanova preceding the fall of Uskub and of the operations leading to the capture of Monastir, he is hardly justified in describing the entire campaign as a procession. The book deals at length with the Balkan political situation.

There is no disagreement among our four authors as to the reasons for the Turkish débâcle. The Bulgarians had been preparing for twenty-five years, while the Turks were relying chiefly on Kismet. The Balkan allies were superior in numbers, incomparably stronger in artillery, and under excellent leadership. This is not underrating the extraordinary valor of the Bulgarian peasant soldiers, on which Lieut. Wagner lays so much stress. The Turks went into the struggle ill-armed, ill-fed, and under-officered. All our writers agree that the army reforms initiated under the Young Turk régime had resulted only in disorganization and a sapping of the traditional Ottoman fighting spirit.

CURRENT FICTION.

Jezebel. By Richard Pryce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Burden of a Woman. The same.

Elementary Jane. The same.

Time and the Woman. By Richard Pryce. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

About a year ago the *Nation* commented upon a novel by an English writer of good standing if not of popular fame at home, whom "Christopher" first introduced to American readers. That was a story of interpretation rather than of incident. It undertook to select and to illuminate certain episodes in the life of an unusual man. Christopher, however, was not unusual as Mr. Locke's and Mr. Hewlett's favorite heroes are; not eccentric in act or manner, but marked from his fellows by innate fineness of temper, by a passionate yet not unbalanced worship of beauty in character and conduct. Fate was not kinder to him than to his kind. To have carried the torch of youthful ideals unflickering into manhood only served to make its snuffing out more painful. Mr. Pryce was more ardent than skilful in bringing about the catastrophe. The unmistakable charm of the story depended upon its atmosphere and detail rather than upon its force.

That it "got across" (as the theatrical people say) in America, is sufficiently shown by the simultaneous publication of four other novels by this author. Reading them consecutively, one is struck, first of all, by their versatility of mood and manner. Versatility, we have more than once noted, is the most surprising quality of current English story-tellers as a group. They can play the game of fiction with either hand, and under any recognized set of rules—or simply go-as-you-please. They can give you the realistic or the romantic, the archaic or the last cry of the modern, the problem story or the humorous extravaganza; and each of them, in its way, the real thing. Never, since Eliza-

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beth, has the pen of England displayed such virtuosity. Or, rather, let us say, never since then have the literary thews of England shown themselves so flexible and accomplished. What are single laurels?—all out for the pentathlon!

The title of the present champion, Arnold Bennett, is not in danger from Mr. Pryce. In the intermediate events he might hold his own, but he could hardly sprint in a class with "Buried Alive," or throw the hammer abreast of the "Old Wives' Tale." Still, we think of no American novelist who is capable of writing four books as different as the group we have in hand. Each story has a distinct atmosphere, moves, for one thing, upon a distinct social plane. Jezebel is daughter of one Lord of the Manor, and destined to marry another. "Time and the Woman" is a chronicle of polite, just not titled, town life. "The Burden of a Woman" is a study of peasant life on the Welsh border. Elementary Jane is a little Cockney music-hall singer.

And the style varies with the subject. In "Jezebel" the writer is filing his phrases. He has lived with Meredith, and more than met Hewlett. He is involved, allusive, too often merely decorative. He is careful not to say anything straight out. Lord Dormoral tells the parson at the font that his daughter is to be christened Jezebel. The parson feebly protests:

> Lord Dormoral's "By God, sir, am I or are you . . . ?" (the person to name the child, well understood) took all the strength out of him. He hesitated, and was lost. To the day of his death he would think (and he thinks) that he failed in his duty to the Church of which he was a member, and to the Almighty whose servant he was and whose name he had heard taken in vain so profanely [*sic*], when he quailed beneath Lord Dormoral's menacing presence (was there a laugh somewhere in his wrath? Was there? was there? And was the whole thing but a terrible jest?), and continued, albeit so fearfully, the interrupted service.

In substance as in manner, "Jezebel" is clever and self-conscious. But for the tag of the title, and the tang of the introductory incident, it is a too familiar substance. Lord Dormoral, believing that his supposed child is not really his, causes that ill-favored name to be given her at the font. Jezebel grows up under a cloud, not only on her mother's account, but because the Dormorals are known as an evil race. Still, we see very soon that she is going to marry her neighbor, young Lord Malmsey, in spite of the hatred of his dowager mamma—and in mentioning the dowager we have sufficiently suggested the course here taken by true love. That haughty dame, after savage and prolonged use of the brutal weapons by means of which (we gather) great ladies are wont to protect the family name from contamination, is driven, as so many of her kind have been (in fiction), to implore the alliance she has spurned.

"Time and the Woman," though it does not deal with lords and ladies, is still in the polite sphere. The hero, or leading man, Gerald Ventnor, is of much the same type as the young Lord Malmsey—though older and settled into the habit of the clubman. He is handsome, accomplished, well-provided in every way. He likes women casually, does not mind their loving him, thinks himself safe. In short, we know at a glance that there is trouble ahead for him at the hands of our author; and that the two pretty women whose path converges upon his in the opening pages are to be the instruments. These are the *mater pulchra* and her inconvenient offspring who have been so often interpreted in recent fiction. Mrs. Ruthven is, speaking vulgarly, a grass widow, with a husband, but not a heart, in India. She is of the siren kind, a pleasure-hunter, the female without vice, but without maternal instinct, who is to be found in all orders of society. Araby, the girl, has been brought up in a country household, very British, very spinsterly. She differs from her mother in every way, except in the degree of her beauty. Ventnor meets the pair, finds them charming, and allows himself to be lightly attached as cavalier by the mother. Araby is kept in the background as much as possible; but Ventnor presently falls in love with her. He is in no doubt of his feeling, but the habit of taking things easily is ingrained; he loses his chance: perhaps the most enlightening fact as to the book's quality is that we do not greatly care whether he has lost it or not. It is all very interesting and well-written, but it does not quite succeed in gripping the attention. To borrow from the slang of the theatre once more, it lacks "punch." Its style shows hardly a trace of the strain we have noted in "Jezebel"; it is simple, flowing, urbane, rather like the manner of "Frank Danby" or Mr. F. R. Benson.

"The Burden of a Woman" involves an altogether different setting and atmosphere. But for the fact that the scene is laid in a Welsh border-county instead of upon Dartmoor, and for the single page of epilogue which supplies, or implies, a happy ending, this tale might almost have been told by Mr. Phillpotts. To Maen Gorsedd has come, some years before we meet her, a young and comely mother and her child: a supposed widow with a "past," which presently confronts her, and almost—not quite—wrecks her life. The course of the narrative is quite Phillpottsian (but for the epilogue)—grim, naked of speech and of action, provided even with the familiar tavern group as chorus. But we have not here the feebleness of conscious imitation; we feel that Mr. Pryce is more certain of his ground, more absorbed, at least, in his theme, than in his studies in polite romance.

But "Elementary Jane" is "the real thing"—the really spontaneous and really finished work among the present group. Even in the story of Mary Redwing, Mr. Pryce seems a little outside of his characters. Jane he possesses as she possesses him. The incident of the tale is nothing; it might have been made the substance of a short story. But as an interpretation of a woman's heart, Jane is worth a dozen Arabys and a hundred Jezebels. She is only a music-hall singer, and is wafted to something like fame by nothing better than an air of innocence and a song about violets in a lane. But as it happens, the air and the song do not belie her. She is innocent, and her natural goodness is proof against the perils of her lot. But she is a woman, not a Clarissa—a creature worthy of the pain and joy of the two loves which complete and justify her nature.

Oddly enough, "Jezebel," which, by reason of its studied and artificial manner, one might guess to be the earliest of these stories, is actually the latest: *absit omen.*

THE RELIGION OF GREECE.

Themis: A Study of the Social Origins of Greek Religion. By Jane Ellen Harrison. With an excursus on ritual forms preserved in Greek Tragedy by Gilbert Murray, and a chapter on the origin of the Olympic Games by F. R. Cornford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5 net.

Readers of Miss Harrison's previous books will expect to find in this also new light on old themes. Nor will they be disappointed. It contains much new material and illustrations carefully culled from Greeks and barbarians. It constitutes a notable annex to the Greek Anthropological Museum, with its contents, indeed, somewhat hastily classified. But a regrettable tendency, already too apparent in her "Primitive Athens," has increased. An arrogant assertiveness, joined with a plausible persuasiveness, may either impose a too ready assent upon the unwary or irritate the critical reader into premature dissent from arguments which deserve careful consideration.

Miss Harrison has made a really scientific study incidentally the vehicle for an unscientific polemic against religion—even religion defined in elastic terms. Avowedly under the influence of "L'Evolution créatrice" and other writings of Professor Bergson, and of Professor Durkheim's "De la Définition des phénomènes religieux, représentations

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individuelles et représentations collectives," etc., she concludes that Themis is "social ordinance, the collective conscience projected." Vague emotions, desires, and instincts, long antedating any creation of a god, sprang, she thinks, rather from the group consciousness than from the individual. "In general, the progressive evolution of a god is from emotion to concept, from totem-animal to mystery-god, from mystery-god to Olympian" (p. 478). In her introduction she says: "These two ideas (1) that the mystery-god (*e. g.*, Dionysus) and the Olympian express, respectively, the one *durée*, life, and the other the action of conscious intelligence which reflects on and analyzes life, and (2) that, among primitive peoples, religion reflects collective feeling and collective thinking, underlie my whole argument."

William James, in commenting once upon the *salto mortale*, by which Herbert Spencer arrives at the first beginnings of consciousness, recalled this defence of a girl tried for infanticide: "Please, your Honor, it was such a little one!" Miss Harrison's denial of objective reality, or confusion of it with the subjective idea (cf. pp. 476, 487, 502, *et passim*), must seem to many philosophic thinkers to be a holocaust, to vitiate, indeed, her whole argument.

Another criticism has to do with the current practice of using in shorthand "The Greeks" or "Greek" as a constant. This is misleading enough even in the span from Homer to Menander, but when the terms embrace every period, from prehistoric origins to Pausanias and beyond, there is need of close attention. It would be unjust to Miss Harrison to imply that she pays no regard to this, as it would be folly to ignore the persistence throughout Greek life of popular beliefs and practices, many of which she illustrates so brilliantly; but any dispassionate account of Greek religion must distinguish much more carefully than she does between savage origins or crude survivals, and the intellectual independence of an Æschylus, Anaxagoras, or Plato. For example, not only, according to Miss Harrison, does Homer nod, but Pindar is really celebrating the Year Spirit in his Epinician Odes. As for poor Æschylus, he is as "pathetic" as the modern believer in religion whom she likens (p. 535) to a dancing medicine man. Æschylus, she says (p. 414), has "his mind all out of focus through his beautiful monotheism and his faith in God the father."

Charmed, like Eve, with one or another snake-emanation, the author deplores the intrusion of the anthropomorphic Olympians into her Eden of totems, and explains (p. 495) her irritation over the Hermes of Praxiteles by asserting that the statue's "whole conception is false." Hermes is by rights a phallus and, probably, a snake (p. 297).

But even those who may feel that the intrusion of Miss Harrison's religious Nihilism is an impertinence, may pass it by for the contributory value of the work. Miss Harrison recognized in the "Hymn of the Kouretes," which was discovered in Palaikastro in eastern Crete, the stimulus needed for her exposition of social origins. The hymn is of quite late source (actually inscribed in the second or third century after Christ!), but she is satisfied that it contains very ancient material. The Daimon invoked is the Greatest Kouros —the projected unity of the youths at the New Birth of their initiation. This clue is followed in explaining the Dithyramb of the drama, the Olympic victor as the Year-Daimon, and so on through the maze of Greek life. In her account of the hero, as the Agathos-Daimon, she might well have adverted to the recently discovered "Hero" of Menander. But even a mere list of the subjects of specific interest to the student of literature, here freshly illustrated, would be long. A few from many may be mentioned: P. 168, the Thunder-brides, Semele, Alcmene, Dido; p. 297 ff., Zeus Ktesios, and p. 406, Apollo Aguieus; p. 455 ff., Prometheus and the Oceanides; p. 461, the derivation of the Greek philosophy of the Ionic schools from Persia (which would be revolutionary, if true); p. 462, the account of Orphic religion; p. 477, "The wheel of Dike moves through time, Moira operates in space"; p. 478-9, "The Olympian became an *objet d'art*." When Miss Harrison says here that "the strength of the Greek temperament lay rather in art than in religion," she might well have emphasized more clearly, in a book upon Themis, that their art presupposes Law and Proportion. On p. 491 it is refreshing to have Cretan claims held in abeyance while emphasis is laid upon the fact that Zeus of Olympus is a patrilinear projection of a northern tribe. If the real Greeks, in addition to their conquering northern language, can lay claim to the Olympian hierarchy, their ultimate *status quo* may not prove to be so parlous as the Minoan missionaries have been asserting.

In the Anglicizing and spelling of proper names meticulous consistency need not be demanded, but Miss Harrison seems unnecessarily erratic: *e. g.*, Denys of Halicarnassus, Trozen, Alcestis *vs.* Herakles, Hæmon and Trachiniæ *vs.* Menoitios and Moirai.

Pilgrims to Athens—scores of them innocent of the archæologist's bias—have gratefully used as their companion Miss Harrison's "Ancient Athens" (now out of print), and all readers with even a little knowledge of things Greek will be impressed by the wealth of illustration in the present volume; but those who believe in the permanent value of Greek literature, both for its form and its content, will be satisfied as little with her patronizing admiration as with her splenetic outbursts.

Modern Italian Literature. By Lacy Collison-Morley. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

The Italian literature of the last two hundred years has found slight recognition beyond the Alps: it is nevertheless richer in absolute value than the far more influential literature of the Cinquecento. Machiavelli stands alone, it is true, and the magic of chivalrous verse is spent; but the Renaissance has no such poets as Leopardi and Carducci, no dramatists to rank with Goldoni and Alfieri, no satirist to match Parini; the short story is a finer thing than the old *novella*; and the novel is vigorous in youth.

Mr. Collison-Morley's book deserves a hearty welcome. It shows a good knowledge of most of the greater and some of the minor authors, and a conscientious use of the standard histories and larger monographs. It is comprehensive and well-planned. The only important name omitted is that of Fucini; the only men who receive entirely inadequate treatment are Zanella and Giacosa. Mr. Collison-Morley contents himself, for the most part, with straightforward accounts of books and men, and quotes De Sanctis and Carducci in preference to venturing criticism of his own. His success in quotation, whether from the authors he is considering or from Italian comment upon them, is indeed one of the best features of his work: the translations are plentiful, well-chosen, and well-executed.

Among the best chapters are those dealing with Parini, Monti, Leopardi, and d'Annunzio. In Leopardi, for instance, Mr. Collison-Morley sees clearly the positive strength that is so often disregarded. In spite of constant pain, in spite of the harsh verdict of his reason, Leopardi clung passionately to his dear "illusions," the old ideals of beauty and virtue and love. His poetry is not poetry of surrender, but of conflict between a relentless mind and a noble heart. Leopardi's scholarship suggests an excellent generalization: "Unlike our own, the great poets of Italy have almost invariably been men of considerable learning. Whether it is on account of the vast tradition of culture that lies behind them or for some other reason, they seem to draw their inspiration through a profound knowledge of literature rather than from a direct contact with life itself. Dante is as true an embodiment of the poetic characteristics of Italy as Shakespeare, rather than Milton, is of those of England." But the choice of Dante as example is unfortunate: surely no poet ever drew in-

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spiration from experience of life more immediate or more searching than his.

Indeed, many of Mr. Collison-Morley's references to earlier Italian literature show him to be upon unfamiliar ground. He confuses Lorenzo and Lorenzino de' Medici, classes the story of Francesca da Rimini as a story of the Renaissance, says that the seven and eight-syllable lines preferred by Parini had been the popular metre in Italy from time immemorial, terms the "Secchia rapita" the first Italian mock-heroic poem, speaks of Naples as the birthplace of the opera, and calls Tartaglia "one of the four original masks" of the Commedia dell' arte. Similar errors in fact and in judgment mar his treatment of the modern literature which is his main subject, but the errors in fact seldom concern matters of primary importance. The printing of Italian words, even names of books and authors, is very careless. Sisara becomes Sissaro; Gropallo becomes Grapollo, and the line "Finchè non sorgi un uom che ci raduni" halts in the disguise, "Finchè non sorgi un nom che non ci raduni."

It is a pity, too, that the author should not have learned from the Italians more grace and clarity of style. His account of Giacosa contains this sentence: "After trying historical plays, in which Felice Cavallotti (1842-98), 'the last of the Romantics' as Carducci called him, who was killed in a duel, also obtained considerable success, he turned to modern comedy." Elsewhere he writes of "the neighborhood of Vesuvius, which is certainly more calculated to impress us with the littleness of man, especially during an eruption, than any other district in Italy." But his judgment is most seriously at fault, perhaps, in his estimate of Goldoni and Alfieri. Many of their best qualities escape his notice. Against Goldoni is brought the specific and quite unwarranted charge of moral indifference: "Vice, and even crime, amused him, instead of rousing his indignation." On the contrary, the *castigat* is for Goldoni literally true, and masks no exploitation of indecency. His satire is less pungent than that of Parini, but it is none the less revealing and effective, whether it deals with the universal themes of greed, vanity, and malevolence, or with so special and noisome an offence as cicisbeism. And the cleanliness of his whole theatre is a notable protest against the depraved likings of the public of his day. Of the ordinary comic qualities, the only one that Goldoni lacks is verbal wit: the others he has in exceptionally good measure. But his peculiar claims to greatness lie in the nature of his realism and in the quality of his comic atmosphere. Goldoni found himself only when he laid aside conventional forms and language to imitate, in his own dialect, the life of his own city, the motley, crowded, homely life of lagoons and *campielli*, many-hued, noisy with chatter, sweet with honesty. The Venetian comedies bring in the whole population of each little neighborhood, the stage is constantly filled with a democratic variety of persons and interests, and the talk is short, crisp, interrupted. The realism of these plays is neither indifferent nor indecent: Goldoni selects what is most delightfully characteristic, and renders it with deft and vivid minuteness, yet comprehensively. Moreover, he has always the charm of a rare geniality. His humor, springing from his characters, is the humor of humanity itself. The clear air of his Venetian afternoons is life-giving and joyous. He brings one unfailingly into a mood of sunlit happiness—and that is surely the true function of comedy.

Mr. Collison-Morley's depreciation of Alfieri is the more unfortunate in that it sustains the general injustice of modern critics to the great tragedian. Alfieri was, in life and work, intense—a Byronic Michelangelo, with the *terribilità* of the sculptor and the driving restlessness of the Englishman. His whole art moves from a responsiveness to intensity in others: as he read of intense love, or ambition, or thirst for vengeance, a personating sympathy possessed him, and forced a new utterance of the old emotion, rekindled in its passage through his spirit. Intensity informs his plays throughout. Nothing is permitted, in word or act, that does not lead directly towards the catastrophe. Scenes, speeches, sentences, are cut down until the residuum is of living strength. Every one of the few personages is intensely concerned for the outcome. There is no cessation in their reinforcements and their thwartings, no interlude, no delay for rhetoric. Event hurries on event with terrible swiftness; no change of scene allows escape from the insistent tragedy. The unity of action is perfectly attained, and the minor unities are for once self-justified. If one is conscious of them at all, it is only in realizing that they are inevitable. Mr. Collison-Morley is right in saying that Alfieri is in general too subjective for dramatic personification, but he is very wrong in calling Saul his one great character. And he is wrong, too, in saying that there is no variety in the tragedies. A few of them differ from the others in being merely political manifestoes, but the majority are tense with varied life: "Filippo," with the sinister cunning of its dominant presence; "Antigone," with its pure and fearless devotion; "Oreste," terrible with rushing fate; "Rosmunda," romantic wine in a neoclassic cup; "Saul," "Mirra," and the second "Brutus." With "Saul," moreover, comes a notable change in style. Hitherto Alfieri had wrought for the effect of overwhelming force; hereafter his imagination and his love of beauty seek and receive plentiful recognition. His last plays are rich in poetry: "Saul" in poetry of vision and of deep humanity, "Mirra" in poetry of fated and resistant love, and the "Brutus" in poetry of eloquent patriotism.

Some English Story Tellers: A Book of the Younger Novelists. By Frederic Taber Cooper. With portraits. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.60 net.

This is a companion to Mr. Cooper's volume on American Story Tellers. The substance of its chapters has appeared in the *Bookman* or elsewhere, chiefly in the form of reviews, and traces of timeliness remain. Fifteen writers of fiction are commented upon, half a dozen of whom belong strictly to the category of "the younger novelists," if it is taken to include writers of not more than middle age. More strictly, this book deals with novelists who have won an audience of late years. In this sense, Kipling is a far older novelist than De Morgan, and Anthony Hope considerably the senior of Joseph Conrad.

Kipling, indeed, is the patriarch among them all, and Mr. Cooper feels constrained to apologize for his inclusion in this gallery of current favorites. "The day when one was compelled to write of him exuberantly," he admits, "in the sheer joy of speculating on what his erratic and undisciplined genius would do next, is a thing of the past." But he must be included here because "he is too imposing a figure among contemporary English story-tellers to be omitted." These easy-going phrases suggest the need, which persists throughout the reading of these pleasant papers, of taking our commentator not too literally. A critic may be known by his adjectives. Kipling is not imposing as a contemporary story-teller. A quarter of a century ago he founded a school of short-story writing which, for better or worse, is still thronged with pupils. In America the head-mastership itself changed hands some time since: where Kipling has his tens of imitators, "O. Henry" has his hundreds. Kipling has never been a novelist, in the sense in which the other writers treated of in this book are novelists. His one long story of sustained power was printed a dozen years ago. And it is difficult to see how his genius could ever have been characterized as either "erratic" or "undisciplined"; no writer of this generation has been more consistent or has had a stiffer schooling. In short, Mr. Cooper's use of words is so casual as to make it difficult to follow his often ingenious and suggestive thought. When he says, "It seems inevitable to write of Mr. Phillpotts without making mention of Hardy," one has to reflect an instant to make sure that he means the reverse of what he says. He is too easily content with the cheap

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counters of the critical vocabulary, "virile," and "vital," and "convincing," "technique," "artistry," and the like. He can even say that Kipling's chief distinction lies in his "dynamic force"!

However, his judgments are in the main sensible and interesting, if not "compelling." The papers on De Morgan and Hewlett and Arnold Bennett are perhaps the best of the group.

Notes

In "Widecombe Fair," promised by Little, Brown for next week, Eden Phillpotts completes his series of books on Dartmoor which were planned more than twenty years ago.

Included in the spring publications of the same house are the following: "The Uphill Climb," a story of Montana, by B. M. Bower; "The Long Way," by Mary Imlay Taylor; "The Quarry," a tale of New York life by John A. Moroso; "The Creeping Tides," a romance of Greenwich Village by Kate Jordan; "The Philippine Problem," by Frederick Chamberlin; "A Sunny Life: The Biography of Samuel June Barrows," by Isabel C. Barrows; "Crime and its Repression," by Gustav Aschaffenburg, professor of psychiatry in the Academy of Practical Medicine at Cologne, translated by Adalbert Albrecht; and "History of Continental Criminal Procedure," by A. Esmein, professor in the University of Paris, with chapters by Profs. François Garraud and C. J. A. Mittermaier, translated by John Simpson.

April issues of the Century Company will include "Mr. Hobby," a novel by Harold Kellock.

Dodd, Mead & Co. are bringing out this week Miss Elizabeth Robins's book on woman's suffrage, entitled "Way Stations."

A long narrative poem by John Masefield, entitled "The Daffodil Fields," is one of Macmillan's announcements for this week.

Putnams will bring out in this country an autobiography entitled "My Past," written by a relative of one of the reigning monarchs of Europe. The author's name is not given.

The Allen Book & Printing Company, of Troy, N. Y., will have ready about May 1 "Economics as the Basis of Living Ethics," by John G. Murdoch.

Among the books promised shortly by Houghton Mifflin Company are: "Gettysburg," by Elsie Singmaster; "Justice and Modern Law," by Everett V. Abbot; "The Value of Organized Speculation," by Harrison H. Brace; "Strange Stories from the Lodge of Leisures," translated from the Chinese by George Soulié; "Stowe Notes," by Edwin Martin Taber, and "A History of Lexington, Massachusetts," by Charles Hudson.

The publication of the Selden Society for the current year will be "Year Books of the Eyre of Kent," edited by William C. Bolland. The Society has also in preparation a volume of "Year Books of Edward II," edited by Mr. Turner and Professor Geldart, and for issue shortly "Select Chapters of Trading Companies," edited by Cecil T. Carr. Provisional arrangements have been made for the following further publications: The second volume of the "Law Merchant," by Professor Morgan; other volumes of the "Year Books of Edward II"; a volume of "Select Cases Before the King's Council," by Mr. I. S. Leadam; a volume of "Select Ecclesiastical Pleas," by Mr. Harold D. Hazeltine; an edition of the "Liber Pauperum" of Vicarius, by Mr. F. de Zulueta, and a volume of "King's Bench Ancient Indictments," by Mr. Cyril Flower.

Mrs. Meynell's poetry has been collected in a single volume, which is printed by the Arden Press and will be issued next month by Burns & Oates.

Mr. Noel Buxton, M.P., is publishing, through Smith & Elder, his experiences "With the Bulgarian Staff." Save for his brother, he was the only Englishman to enjoy the privilege denoted in the title.

The concluding volume (the eighteenth) of T. N. Foulis's authorized version of Nietzsche is promised this month. Special features of the book are an exhaustive index compiled by Robert Guppy and an introductory essay on "The Nietzschean Movement in England" by the editor, Dr. Oscar Levy.

A tragic tale of Old Ceylon is told in Woolf's "A Village in the Jungle," which Longmans, Green will bring out in this country.

Other spring announcements by the same house are: "College Sermons," by Dr. J. C. Stewardson; a new book of "Sermon Notes," by Cardinal Newman; Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson's "Confessions of a Convert," and "Organized Democracy," by Frederick A. Cleveland.

A committee, headed by Joseph H. Choate and Charles W. Eliot, is preparing plans for a memorial to the late Rev. Dr. Samuel Gilman, Harvard, 1811, and author of "Fair Harvard." The project is to fit up a Samuel Gilman Memorial Room in the tower of the historic church at Charleston, S. C., in which Dr. Gilman had a long, distinguished career. The treasurer of the local Charleston committee is Mr. Frank R. Frost, People's Office building, Charleston, S. C.

A dictionary of moderate size, published in this country by Macmillan, is "Books That Count," by W. Forbes Gray. It is a list of some 5,500 books in English, that present an authoritative and not too recondite study of all manner of subjects, from Biography to Sports. Prices are given in shillings and pence, and a brief note tells the character of each work. The dictionary will no doubt prove serviceable to those who are reading or studying without much guidance.

We have to record the appearance of two new issues of Baedeker, which we shall not attempt to criticise. One is the fourteenth remodelled edition of the "Northern Italy," corresponding with the eighteenth in German. The other is the sixteenth revised edition of the "Northern Germany." These, like all the Baedekers, are Scribner importations.

A. C. McClurg, of Chicago, publishes a second edition of "The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem," by Ralph D. Paine, which, on its first appearance, was favorably reviewed in the *Nation* of June 16, 1910. In this reprint seven chapters in the original work together with several paragraphs and appendices have been omitted. But the book, still a large one, remains an authoritative and indeed thrilling account of the exploits of Salem's early sailors, who made the American flag known and respected even in the far distant South Seas, who were equally ready to serve on privateers or men-of-war, fight pirates, or trade with Christians and heathen savages.

In his "Portraits and Sketches" (Scribner), Edmund Gosse is at his very best. The book is not made up of criticism, in which Mr. Gosse lacks philosophy, nor of scholarship, in which he sometimes wants accuracy. He has here written a series of portraits of men he has known—Swinburne, Philip James Bailey, "Orion" Horne, Aubrey de Vere, Tennyson, Whittier, Shorthouse, Mandell Creighton, Andrew Lang, Wolcott Balestier, Carl Snoilsky, Eugène Melchior de Vogüé, and André Gide—and in each case, with varying fulness of detail, he has brought his subject vividly before the eye. All the other portraits, however, pale beside that of Swinburne. The poet was picturesque enough in appearance and original enough in habits to make description of him easy for any hand, and the clever anecdotal literature about him is already enormous; but for a vision of the very man himself we know of nothing comparable to these pages by Mr. Gosse. There is nothing to do but quote at great length:

> The world is familiar from portraits, and still better from caricatures, with his unique appearance. He was short, with sloping shoulders, from which rose a long and slender neck, surmounted by a very large head. The cranium seemed to be out of all proportion to the rest of the structure. His spine was rigid, and though he often bowed the heaviness of his head, *lasso papavera collo*, he seemed never, to bend his back. Except in consequence of a certain physical weakness, which probably may, in more philosophical days, come to be accounted for and palliated—except when suffering from this external cause, he seemed immune from all the maladies that pursue mankind. He did not know fatigue; his agility and brightness were almost mechanical. I never heard him complain of a headache or of a toothache. He required very little sleep, and occasionally when I have parted from him in the evening after saying "Good-night," he has simply sat back in the deep sofa in his sitting-room, his little feet close together, his arms against his side, folded in his frock-coat like a grasshopper in its wing-covers, and fallen asleep, apparently for the night, before I could blow out the candles and steal forth from the door. I am speaking, of course, of early days; it was thus about 1875 that I closely observed him.
>
> He was more a hypertrophied intelligence than a man. His vast brain seemed to weigh down and give solidity to a frame otherwise as light as thistledown, a body almost as immaterial as that of a fairy. In the streets he had the movements of a somnambulist, and often I have seen him passing like a ghost across the traffic of Holborn, or threading the pressure of carts eastward in Gray's Inn Road, without glancing to the left or the right, like something blown before a wind. At that time I held a humble post at the British Museum, from which I was freed at four o'clock, and Swinburne liked to arrange to meet me half-way between that monument and his own lodgings. One of Swinburne's peculiarities was an extreme punctuality, and we seldom failed to meet on the deserted northern pavement of Great Coram Street. But although the meeting was of his own making, and the person to be met a friend seen

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every day, if I stood a couple of yards before him silent, he would endeavor to escape on one side and then on the other, giving a great shout of satisfaction when at length his eyes focused on my face.

"Religion in China, Universalism: A Key to the Study of Taoism and Confucianism" (Putnam), by J. J. M. de Groot, is a book of great importance, being the work of a scholar who has spent half a lifetime on his subject. He has to his credit eight big volumes on "The Religious System of China." This vast work has now been condensed into eight lectures, in all about 300 pages, which make up the volume before us. Many will rejoice to have the range of the author's views in such convenient form. The methodical manner in which they are presented and his support of statements of fact by translations from Chinese originals put readers in a position to weigh his theories and to draw their own conclusions. One of the most interesting chapters is that on Asceticism, Prolongation of Life, Immortality. It deals with cultural elements, such as the "discipline of the breath," cultivated in China in the fourth century B. C., long before we find any historical evidence of intercourse with any of the other civilized nations of Asia. We should have liked to hear the author's views on this strange similarity with practices known to have existed among the sages of early India, to which fact Professor Conrady, of Leipzig, drew attention in a learned academical essay published in 1906. Another chapter, as interesting as it is important, is the eighth and last lecture; entitled Feng-shui. In it the author attempts to connect that well-known popular superstition, which it may be hoped will gradually disappear in republican China, with his general theories on Universalism. Another writer on this subject, Dr. E. Eitel ("Feng-shui, or The Rudiments of Natural Science in China," Hongkong, 1873) has asked the question, "What is Feng-shui? Sinologues have looked through the Chinese classics for an answer to this question, searched their dictionaries, and found none." The answer, it appears to us, has been found by Professor De Groot.

It was a happy idea of the American committee for lectures on the History of Religions to entrust to a specialist like Professor De Groot so complicated and difficult a subject, and the committee on publication also deserves credit for having turned out a neat little volume. A number of misprints, if they may be so called, might have been avoided by referring the proofs to the author. The author, who speaks the Amoy dialect, so important in his former career as an interpreter among the Chinese settlers in Java and Borneo, is evidently not so well at home with the Mandarin dialect as spoken in Peking. Thus he does not distinguish between the syllables *shan,* "good" or "goodness" (pp. 32, 35, and 80) and *shen,* "a god" (p. 152 *et passim*). Altogether, the absence of Chinese characters, which would be of little use to the general reader and would have interfered with the popularity aimed at, calls for transcription based on a fixed and uniform system of spelling. Why, for instance, should the aspirate be expressed by an apostrophe after *t* and by the letter *h* after *k,* as in *Khin t'ien kien,* a want of uniformity resorted to in a number of examples with what appears as intentional, though incomprehensible, regularity? But these are trifles which ought not to discourage readers bent on learning rather than on criticising.

"Jean Jacques Rousseau" (Scribner), by Gerhard Gran, of the University of Kristiania, is in the main a narrative of Rousseau's life, with a psychological commentary. The present volume ends with the publication of the first "Discourse" (1750). The author is unduly harsh when he says that Rousseau "lied with ease and fluency whenever the situation demanded it." As a fluent liar, Rousseau cannot compare with Voltaire. Yet if the work fails to be a really noteworthy addition to the endless stream of publications on Rousseau, the reason is to be sought in the fact that the writer is himself too much under the spell of the Rousseauistic view of life. He makes an elaborate application of James's theory of conversion as a "subliminal uprush" to Rousseau's sudden illumination on the road to Vincennes. This uprush, so far from being related to the inhibitive and rational powers of personality, is in direct opposition to them. Professor Gran does not raise the question whether true religious insight may not come from an entirely different direction. The question proposed by the Academy of Dijon, he says, "acted as an explosion on the threshold of Rousseau's consciousness; it forced a breach. Through this breach there suddenly streamed a flood composed of all the memories, all the indignation, all the moods, in short, all the psychic stuff that, gained through inheritance, race, and early experience, lay settled in his subconsciousness." Since the "uprush" is composed, after all, only of previous impressions, it becomes important to trace their origin. Accordingly, Professor Gran devotes several chapters to a study of Geneva (from the sixteenth century) and of Paris under Louis XV, and attempts to show that the conflict in Rousseau between the impressions received from these two environments culminated in his outburst against civilization.

The translation of Professor Gran's work reads smoothly in the main, though the translator has an irritating trick of omitting the definite article from the titles of books (*e. g.,* "While 'Discours' in its contents is essentially aggressive"). Proper names and quotations in French are often very incorrectly printed. Two portraits are given, one of Rousseau in youth and one of Madame de Warens, without any warning that in both cases the ascription is uncertain.

The monograph of Prof. Adolf Harnack on "Bible Reading in the Early Church" is translated by Rev. J. A. Wilkinson and published in the Crown Theological Library (Putnam). Professor Harnack takes issue with the celebrated proposition of Lessing, that "the laymen of the primitive church might not even read the books of the New Testament, not at least without the permission of the presbyter who had them in his keeping." He cites a large number of references from the literature of the first three centuries to prove that Bible reading by private individuals was encouraged as a pious duty, and that no restrictions were placed upon any class of Christians in the freest use of all canonical books. He holds, of course, with Lessing that "Christian faith and a Christian church existed before ever there was a New Testament," but maintains that from the first, and at least to the time of Constantine, the sacred documents of Christianity were regarded as a free gift to the community, over which the church claimed no special privilege of supervision or interpretation. Harnack is especially interested in the corollary that early Christianity was not a mystery-religion, with secret documents for the initiated. As a daughter of Judaism, Christianity opened its treasures to all, and the mysteries which developed within the church were encroachments from without, not growths natural to its genius.

With his volume on "The Old English Country Squire" (Doran), supplementing those already published on the "Parson" and the "Parish Clerk," P. H. Ditchfield completes a pleasant trilogy on English rural life. Mr. Ditchfield, as we know from his previous volumes, is an ardent lover of the subject which he has made his own—the old-fashioned village community of England, happy though feudal, and on the whole well content with existence under the benevolent tyranny of "the quality." If he is also somewhat of a special pleader and quite frankly a *laudator temporis acti,* who sighs for the good old days before Lloyd George thought of land taxes or insurance acts, and when rustic hinds, as a matter of course, ordered themselves lowly and reverently towards their betters, we need not quarrel with him on that account, for his convictions are those of the squires and parsons about whom he writes, and without them his writing would lose something of its sympathetic quality. But if he has grievances against modern tendencies, he has also humor sufficient to keep them in the background. One feels that at the bottom of his soul he regards himself somewhat seriously as the Froissart of the aspects of English life that he chronicles, but his zest in his stories of squiredom, of the joys of the chase, of the whole round of country life, is such that one is ready, with a smile, to concede him the title. In these pages the whole history of the English squire is given, from the age of chivalry, when he was the gentleman attendant on a knight, to these less ardent days, when, his warlike guise laid aside, he is simply one of that order, a little lower than the nobility, which, as the author might affirm, is likely before long to be known as "the landless gentry." Mr. Ditchfield feels sadly that he is telling the story of a class that is rapidly disappearing, and his serious purpose is to show that, whether the system that created him is now outworn or not, the country squire has played no inglorious part in contributing to the greatness of England and has performed faithfully the work that fell to him to do. The admirable illustrations are an attractive feature of this book.

The compliment of translation into German has been paid to but few works of American classical scholars. The last example was the German translation of Professor Hale's "Cum Constructions," which was published in 1891. The appearance of such a translation of Prof. E. G. Sihler's "Annals of Cæsar" ("C. Iulius Cæsar: sein Leben, nach den Quellen kritisch dargestellt"; Leipzig) is, accordingly, of more than passing interest. The chief difference

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between the two editions lies in the omission in the German of the appendix, which was devoted to an unsparing criticism of Mommsen and Froude. This was perhaps to be expected, for Mommsen is still too near to German thought to be subjected to harsh criticism, especially by a foreigner. The German preface is in much better taste than the original, for in the latter Professor Sihler seemed to feel it necessary to draw attention to his own fitness for his task, as shown in his numerous studies in the life and times of Cæsar. Professor Sihler's work represents an attitude of mind, a protest against the prevalent custom of building upon the modern interpreters of antiquity rather than upon the ancient sources. He, therefore, has paid scant attention to the views of modern investigators, with the exception of Holmes. As a consequence, he falls into occasional errors of fact—when more attention to modern investigation would have saved him. Then, too, his pursuit of his main theme has led him into a certain carelessness about less important details. Many of these inaccuracies, particularly those pointed out by Meusel in a review of the English work, have been corrected in the translation, but too many still remain to mar a study which as a whole deserves hearty commendation. The translation presents a much more pleasing appearance than its original, and the style is free from those idiosyncrasies which are so evident in the English form.

By the republication of the "Folk-Tales of Bengal" (Macmillan), by the late Rev. Lal Behari Day, one of the best-known collections of the folk-tales of India—a volume long out of print—has again been made accessible, this time adorned with thirty-two colored plates by Mr. Warwick Goble. The volume contains twenty-two stories, all told by Bengalis unacquainted with the folk-tales of the West, and the value of the collection has too long been acknowledged to require further emphasis. At the same time it may be noted that there are frequent suggestions of the "Arabian Nights," although no minute comparison of the "Arabian Nights" with folk-tales of India has thus far, to the reviewer's knowledge, been made. Some of the Bengali stories show blendings of cycles familiar to folklorists. Thus the "grateful animal" *motif* is found in the story of "The Bald Wife"; the "Story of the Rakshasas" contains three well-known themes, the "life token," "sleeping beauty," and the "separable soul"; and "violated tabu" is prominent in "The Man Who Wished to Be Perfect." The diction of the collection, it must be confessed, seems rather too literary when compared with the more exact "Wide-Awake Stories" of Steel and Temple or with Swynnerton's "Indian Nights' Entertainments"; in "The Field of Bones" the redactor's language was confessedly influenced by the vision of the valley of dry bones in Ezekiel xxxvii, 1-14. The general appearance of the new edition is far more attractive than that of the old one, and a special word of praise is due the illustrations, which, though not markedly Oriental, have a happy Eastern flavor.

The Connecticut Valley Historical Society, which has just issued at Springfield Volume IV of its Publications, 1904-1907, was organized in 1876, and has at present a membership of about three hundred. The Society has done much to preserve whatever relates to the natural, civil, military, ecclesiastical, and genealogical history of the country in general, particularly to that section known as the Connecticut Valley. It aims also to prepare and to preserve correct reports of passing events of importance. The volume opens with a full description and many illustrations of the new home of the Society, the palatial Springfield residence of the late D. B. Wesson. Built in the style of Louis XIV, it is valued above a million dollars; and the only condition of gift is that the Society shall raise a fund of $100,000, the income of which shall be used in maintenance. A committee, headed by the president, W. F. Adams, is actively at work in completing this fund, towards which J. P. Morgan, one of the life members, has offered $10,000. By far the handsomest building owned by any historical society in the country, this edifice will house all the collections which have heretofore had a somewhat uncertain home in the Art Museum, where many of the meetings are held.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Newton Hallock, editor and proprietor since 1880 of the *Christian Work*, died Monday in Brooklyn, aged seventy-eight. Among his writings, which include books on travel, finance, and religious topics, is a "Life of D. L. Moody."

Lady Dorothy Nevill, who had a close acquaintance with the Duke of Wellington, Disraeli, Lord Palmerston, and most of the leading Englishmen for fifty years past, died Monday in London in her eighty-seventh year. She was the author of a book of reminiscences, "Leaves from the Note-Books of Lady Dorothy Nevill."

Field Marshal Viscount Garnet Joseph Wolseley, the famous soldier, died on Monday at Mentone, France, in his eightieth year. He retired as commander-in-chief of the British army in 1900, after having been at the head of the forces of the Empire for five years. His first taste of actual service was in 1852-3 in the Burmese war, in which he was severely wounded. He took part brilliantly in other campaigns, especially in the Crimea, where he was again injured, being picked up for dead. He was a careful student of the art of war, and wrote several books on the subject, among them "The Soldier's Pocket-Book for Field Service," "The Story of a Soldier's Life," besides "Life of the Duke of Marlborough" and "Decline and Fall of Napoleon."

Science

Mr. Henry T. Finck's new book, "Flavor in Food," described as a gastronomic guide to health and good living, will be issued by the Century Company in April.

Nearly eighteen months ago we noticed in this column the first of four volumes of Luciani's interesting treatise on "Human Physiology," in the English version of Frances A. Welby (Macmillan). The second volume is now at hand after an interval which suggests a long delay in the completion of the work. This part takes up Internal Secretion, Digestion, Excretion, and the Skin, inclusive of the Mammary Gland and its secretion. All these subjects are treated in an entertaining and illuminating fashion. The text naturally lags somewhat behind the progress of the experimental study of the internal secretions, but this fault is in part made good by a supplementary list of recent literature in English. To this list the translator has added a special reference to the very recent book of Swale Vincent on the ductless glands, but makes no allusion to the large book on this subject by Sajous, which came out a few months earlier. Leonard Williams's translation of the important book of Biedl came perhaps too late for notice, although one would suppose that its prospective appearance would have been sufficiently known to make its inclusion possible. The literature concerning the movements of the digestive tract ought to have taken similar cognizance of Cannon's little book on the "Mechanical Factors of Digestion," published as one of the International Medical Monographs (Arnold) in 1911. Luciani seems to overlook the important researches of Meissner and his American pupil Shepard on the connection of the kidney with the synthesis of hippuric acid. There is also no account whatever of Meissner's studies of the transformation of proteins by the digestive ferments. In this field he worked for a time with great zeal and such refinement of observation that his contemporaries virtually drove him away from further labor of that kind by their ridicule of his results. It was a pathetic episode in the history of physiological research, for, only a few years later, a change in the method showed the cleavage products to be even more numerous, and fully justified the efforts of Meissner to establish very fine distinctions among them.

Great as have been the advances in the study of economic entomology during recent years, the available comprehensive texts are nearly all deplorably antiquated and deficient. To meet the demand for an up-to-date compendium, W. C. O'Kane has just published, through Macmillan, "Injurious Insects: How to Recognize and Control Them," illustrated with 600 original photographs. To arrange such a book so as to make it of use to the untrained reader is a very vital matter. For him, an arrangement according to zoölogical relationships is almost useless, although it has been tried in one of the best of the older texts. Grouping by host plants leads to confusion and duplication because so many of the insect pests feed on several varieties of plants. Professor O'Kane seemingly has met the difficulty satisfactorily by first grouping the injurious insects under three heads: pests of garden and field crops, pests of orchard and fruit crops; and those of the household, of stored products, and of domestic animals. Within each of the first two groups, the various species are arranged according to the part of the plant where they are found at work. The determination is still further facilitated by the arrangement of the page headings to serve as an index to the place where the insect is found at work, and to its general characteristics. The most striking feature of the book is the absence of the hackneyed illustrations borrowed from the old texts and from Federal and State bulletins. In their stead are six hundred photographs

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of injurious insects and their work. Some of these are excellent—of many of them the best that can be said is that they are original. It is needless to add that with such a number of good-sized illustrations in less than four hundred pages of text the consideration of the various pests is very meagre. For this reason, the addition of an extensive but carefully selected list of references to bulletins and reports in which may be found detailed accounts of the insects considered is especially commendable. The book will prove of value to agriculturists as a "finding list," and may meet admirably the needs of some agricultural schools and "short courses." Unfortunately, its use will not be limited to such courses. Until it is more fully realized that the study of an applied science as college work presupposes a knowledge of the science upon which it is based, there will be a ready demand for books of this type as texts in some of our agricultural colleges.

Dr. Ira Van Gieson, bacteriologist to the Health Department in New York, died on Monday. He was born on Long Island, forty-seven years ago, and graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. He was accounted an authority on insanity, but much of his recent research was in connection with hydrophobia. He was a prolific writer on methods of staining tissue for microscopic work.

Drama

The Dramatic Works of St. John Hankin. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 3 vols. $8 net.

There can be no doubt that the English speaking theatre suffered a positive loss in the premature death of St. John Hankin His steady advance in the art of play-making is clearly marked in the seven pieces printed in this collected edition, and he was still in the early prime of manhood when he ended his life and labors. It is only reasonable to suppose that he had in him the latent capacity for more earnest and vigorous production, although it may be doubted whether he could ever have created a permanent drama. The springs of his inspiration were fresh and sparkling, but had no depth. His strength lay in the readiness of his invention of dialogue, sufficiently simple in form to appear natural, yet charged with a witty and satirical humor which gave it a distinctly literary quality; a happy knack of characterization, of somewhat conventional personages; a shrewd sense of current social absurdities and hypocrisies; a not too bitter cynicism and a lively appreciation of comic situation. In his observation of those various phases of English middle-class life of the later Victorian era he was accurate so far as superficialities are concerned, but by no means profound or reflective. His personages, almost without exception, belong to exceedingly familiar types, both on the stage and in fiction, but the intellectual and moral atmosphere in which they move is more often suggestive of real life than the theatre, and in this way they frequently become living actualities.

Although Mr. Hankin is commonly accounted among the younger school of dramatists, whose works, being regarded as too audacious for the commercial stage, owed their earliest representation chiefly to the London Stage Society and Mr. Granville Barker, he differs widely from the more modern realists in his moderation, his general sanity, and his literary skill. If he is occasionally disrespectful to the rigid axioms of sanctimonious puritanism, is frequently more worldly wise than austerely moral, and, like a good many enthusiasts of different kinds, is apt to forget that modern conditions and human nature are often formidable barriers against the enforcement of abstract justice, he neither violates the canons of good taste nor exceeds the limits of credulity. He preserves a certain plausibility even when he approaches most nearly to the borders of extravagance.

The defects of his plays lie in their technical construction, their lack of general human interest, and the manifest artificiality of their plots. Effective and amusing as many of the individual situations in them are, these are too clearly the result of a carefully calculated mechanism to provoke the suspense which is of the essence of true drama. This is particularly the case in "The Two Mr. Weatherbys," where the nicely preserved balance between contrasted characters and incidents is clearly arranged for a whimsical and predestined end. The same thing is true, though less conspicuously, in "The Return of the Prodigal." Here the workmanship is better and the plausibility greater, while the characterization of all the principal personages is uncommonly well maintained, but the ultimate conclusion—the virtual triumph of a clever wastrel who "blackmails" his duller but more prosperous relatives into supporting him by threatening to disgrace them—is plainly due to a preconceived scheme, worked out with indisputable comic force, but very little logic. Successful business men, even if father or brother, under the prescribed circumstances, would have checkmated the trickster by prompt defiance. No amount of clever writing could win for such a tale belief or sympathy. In "The Charity that Began at Home" again—a piece which is often suggestive of the methods of Oscar Wilde—the plot, with all its destined coincidences carefully dovetailed into their appointed places, is transparently mechanical. There is not an incident or a personage in it that might not be founded on fact, but as a whole the play would be more akin to farce than comedy, were it not for the excellence of its dialogue.

But "The Cassilis Engagement" is genuine comedy of a superior order—even if it be a trifle overdrawn in places—with an effective story, of a vital kind, developed along lines of a perfectly sound social philosophy. Fewer simple youths would be betrayed into disastrous marriages if all rich mothers were as wise as Mrs. Cassilis. Here is a play that really does reflect life in witty and credible fashion, illustrates a sound maxim, and solves a dramatic problem in a way that is as reasonable as it is entertaining. It is, taking it all in all, the best accomplishment of its author. "The Last of the De Mullins," clever as it is in many ways, and unconventional in its courageous but reasonable attitude in the special case of the heroine, who saved herself from social shipwreck, and declined thereafter to barter assured freedom for an unnecessary and doubtful rehabilitation, is not so well made, so fresh, or so convincing. It has none of the crucial directness of such a study as "Hindle Wakes." Actually, there is nothing especially new, startling, or controversial in the case of Janet de Mullin. Women in life, as well as in fiction, have fallen and recovered themselves, but it does not follow that they were wise because they were fortunate. No rule can be proved by an exceptional instance. Nor is there anything new or very valuable in the easy satire which Mr. Hankin levels against the follies of an almost extinct feudalism. The most valuable portraiture in his play is that of the slighted Hester, whose fate—though he does not appear to have realized the fact—furnishes a most significant illustration of the manner in which the innocent may be made to suffer for the guilty. Such trifles as "The Burglar who Failed" and "The Constant Lover" need no more than this passing reference, but these volumes are well worthy of a place in every modern dramatic library, not only as early examples of intellectual revolt against the crudities of the commercial Victorian drama, but for the sake of their genuine wit, humorous perception, and literary skill.

Mr. Winthrop Ames, director of the Little Theatre, New York, offers $10,000 for the best play by an American author, submitted before August 15, 1913. It is his intention to produce this play next season at the new playhouse now being built for him on West Forty-fifth Street, near Broadway. All manuscripts must be submitted anonymously. No limitations as to the type of play are imposed; but in making the award plays which promise to appeal to the general body of playgoers will be preferred to those which appeal to a limited class only.

William A. Brady announces a revival of "Rosedale," to be made in the Lyric Theatre on April 7, with a specially selected cast of players. The revival will be in-

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teresting as an example of the sort of romantic melodrama which pleased an earlier and less sophisticated generation, although the piece has no special merit of its own, except from the standpoint of the leading actor. Wallack, of course, wrote it, as he did "The Veteran," with especial reference to his own style and personality. Nobody ever succeeded as he did in the part of Elliot Grey, although many actors essayed it, Lawrence Barrett among them. Even in advanced middle life, he cut a brilliant figure in it; in his prime he was almost an ideal hero of romance. He had the air and authority that could add plausibility and even a touch of the heroic to a situation in itself false and ridiculous. His successor is to be Charles Cherry, and it is doubtful whether a better selection could have been made. He is not the Lester Wallack of fifty years ago, but the number of playgoers who can subject him to the test of that comparison is limited. What an array of first-class acting talent there was in those early casts of "Rosedale"! Charles Fisher, John Sefton, Fanny Morant, George Holland, John Gilbert, Mrs. John Sefton, Mrs. John Hoey, Mary Gannon, all had a share in the first production. They were members of the regular stock company. Nowadays it is questionable whether a list of equally competent players could be selected from all the acting companies between Sandy Hook and the Golden Gate. This is a striking illustration of what the syndicate system has done for the stage.

The annual Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon, once more under the direction of F. R. Benson, will extend this year over three weeks. It is to be opened on the afternoon of Monday, April 21, by Arthur Bourchier, who will deliver a lecture on the subject of "Drama and Shakespeare." In the evening Mr. Benson and his company appear in a revival of "Richard II." During the course of the festival Violet Vanbrugh will be seen as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," and Nancy Price as Chorus in "Henry V." Mrs. C. C. Stopes will lecture on "The Burbages." Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay will give a recital of old songs and ballads, and Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse a concert of English music.

Ibsen's "The Pretenders" has failed to attract the general public to the London Haymarket Theatre. It ran for a month only. The piece is to be taken off and replaced by "The Typhoon," of Melchior Lengyel, which has already had a run in New York. The principal characters will be played by Laurence Irving, Mabel Hackney, Leon Quartermaine, and Arthur Whitby.

This week is the time chosen by Gerald du Maurier and Frank Curzon for the revival of "Diplomacy" at Wyndham's, in London. The piece is announced simply as "a new version of a play by Victorien Sardou." It has been very considerably revised, but the leading features of the story have been strictly preserved. In the old days, for instance, it was the fortifications of Constantinople which attracted the attention of the Countess Zicka; to-day these have been replaced by certain important works connected with the safety of Gibraltar. The part of Lady Henry Fairfax has been materially enlarged. In the revival that character will be taken by Lady Tree. Gerald du Maurier will be Henry Beauclerc; Owen Nares, Julian; Donald Calthorp, Algie Fairfax; Arthur Wontner, Count Orloff; Norman Forbes, Baron Stein; Ellis Jeffreys, Countess Zicka, and Gladys Cooper, Dora.

Music

"BORIS GODOUNOFF."

Among the operatic novelties promised last year by the management of the Metropolitan, but not produced, was "Boris Godounoff." The promise was redeemed last week, when Moussorgsky's famous opera had its first performance in America. In St. Petersburg it was heard as long ago as 1874. The fact that Moscow did not hear it till 1889 indicates that it was not a real success at first. Outside of Russia it was virtually ignored until six years ago, when a Russian company produced it in Paris in the original tongue and with all the accessories Russian. It was in the midst of the Russian craze in France, a craze partly political, partly artistic, fanned by the graceful dancers from St. Petersburg and fostered by the followers of Debussy, who recognized a kindred element in the harmonic audacities and the bravado of Moussorgsky. Yet even with these advantages it is doubtful if "Boris Godounoff" would have succeeded in Paris had it not been for the powerful impersonation of the imperial assassin by Chaliapine. The managers of the Grand Opéra took that view of the situation. After buying the scenery of the Russian company, it reconsidered the matter, concluding that the opera would not attract the public without its chief interpreter. The scenery was then purchased for the Metropolitan Opera House by Giulio Gatti-Casazza, in the hope and belief that New York would accept the opera, even without the advantage of having a Chaliapine to act and sing the part of Boris, and in an Italian version, with a mediocre cast—a touching instance of managerial optimism.

The hero of the opera—a Russian Macbeth—is an historic character. Boris, after the death of Ivan the Terrible, usurped the throne by assassinating the boy Dimitri, who stood in the way of his ambitions. Tormented by his conscience, he seeks refuge in a monastery, but is persuaded by the clamor of the populace to resume the sceptre. A young monk named Gregory, discovering that he is of the same age as the murdered Dimitri, conceives the bold plan of posing as that heir to the throne, rescued from the hand of the would-be assassin. He gathers an army in Poland and invades Russia. The Duma meets to consider the most suitable punishment to be inflicted on him when captured. Boris, crazed by his sense of guilt, and tormented by the fear that the false Dimitri may be the real Czarevitch, finally falls dead at the foot of the throne, after admonishing the court to accept his son as heir to the kingdom.

Though this is the plot of the opera (which is based on Pushkin's play), the audience would hardly be able to guess it from the scenes enacted on the stage, most of which are episodes or incidents but loosely connected with the story. Moussorgsky was well aware of this; in fact, he wished it so. Being a musical Nihilist, he was averse to all operatic conventions—and was not a coherent plot one of the conventions to be avoided? Another operatic convention he could not approve of was having interesting vocal parts for a tenor and a soprano, such as theretofore had been regarded as necessary, even by Wagner. Boris is a bass, and for the most part he scorns real melody, contenting himself with more or less melodious declamation. The apology for a prima donna is a contralto, a Polish maiden to whom Dimitri makes love. In the opera as originally produced there was no love episode. The composer was persuaded to add it, but his heart was not in it, and he had his revenge on those who asked him to be conventional by making the love music remarkably uninteresting.

After his death his opera gained a fresh vogue, but not until it had been revised and polished by his friend, the eminent composer Rimsky-Korsakoff. As all copies of the original score seem to have been destroyed or hidden, it is impossible to say just what the editor did with his file and shears. That he had a number of grammatical errors to correct is certain, for Moussorgsky was not an educated musician. In the words of Tchaikovsky, he not only liked "what is coarse, unpolished, and ugly," but even seemed "proud of his want of skill." In a preface Rimsky-Korsakoff refers to the principal changes made by himself—the correction of faulty counterpoint and slight alterations in harmonic progressions. That he greatly improved the orchestral coloring is also certain. In this line the editor was a master, and Moussorgsky was not.

"Boris Godounoff" is neither an opera, in the old sense of the word, nor a music-drama with Wagnerian leading motives to fuse the different sections. It is simply a group of scenes from Russian life, and as such it possesses considerable interest. The choruses of the populace are realistically impressive, even if they lack individual musical merit. The Czar is seen in the intimacy of family life as well as in the agonies of remorse. There is a bibulous scene in a tavern which is truly convivial, and the moonlit forest scene, followed by a snowfall, is beautiful. Nevertheless, it is not likely that "Boris" will prove a

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permanent addition to the Metropolitan repertory, not, at any rate, unless the cast is improved. The choruses were admirably sung, and under the direction of Mr. Toscanini the orchestra was at its best; but the lack of ingratiating melody will prevent the public from taking this opera to its heart. While it is not likely that its chances would have been improved if it had been sung in English, it nevertheless is incomprehensible why, since a Russian production was out of the question, "Boris" was not sung in English instead of Italian.

Arnold Schönberg's "music" may not be music, but it serves a useful function in giving the critics something new to talk and differ about. According to G. H. Clutsam,

his dreary meanderings with impossible combinations of notes, debilitated, palsied, and defenceless, have certainly gained him followers, resulting in the establishment of an artistic brotherhood (whose tenets for some reason or other—but entirely illogically—have become associated with the art theories of the post-impressionistic school of painting); but they possess no possibility of providing material for the composer or the audience of the future.

Yet, according to another contributor to the London *Musical Times*, "Schönberg° is a most earnest artist, and the tendencies embodied in his work assert themselves in those of an important group of younger men like Alban Berg, Anton von Webern, Horwitz, Jaglowetz, Egon Wellesz."

Opinions on Richard Strauss still differ widely. After the recent performance in Berlin of his "Ariadne" (which has been considerably compressed since its première at Stuttgart), the critic of the *Tageblatt* predicted that thirty years hence no one would be able to believe that there ever existed any difference of opinion concerning this opera—"the first really new thing since Wagner and the most important phenomenon in music of the last three decades." Dr. Ethel Smyth, the English operatic composer and suffragette, on the other hand, says Strauss owes his success mainly to "booming." But, according to her, the "booming" has invariably been followed by reaction. In support of this statement she instances "Elektra," which, she declares, "has practically disappeared from the Continental stage, and is frankly loathed, though as long as Frau Mildenburg is there to play the part of Klytemnestra, it will be given now and again." Then, of "Rosenkavalier," Miss Smyth says that it was "at first a madness, especially in Vienna. Now it is given once in three or four months, to half-empty houses."

Paris is awaiting the production of "Julien," the sequel to Charpentier's "Louise." As soon as he has put the finishing touches to it, it is to be given at the Opéra Comique, with a cast including Mlle. Carré and M. Rousselière. The story of the opera is that of a poet's life; it is full at once of actual life and of the atmosphere of fairyland. Apostle of universal love, Julien goes out to preach his dream to the people of the street. Then, discouraged, he seeks quiet and forgetfulness in Nature, among the workers of the soil, who cannot understand him. More and more discouraged, unable to find forgetfulness anywhere but in drink, he sees his ideal dream shattered. His inspiration is Louise, illusion of Love, and then in turn the illusion of Beauty; of Work; of Nature's consoling power; of Religion's consolation, and of Revelry.

Adrienne Augarde, a clever operetta singer, died in Chicago last week after undergoing an operation for appendicitis. Early in her career she sang at the Gaiety Theatre, London, and she was the leading woman in George Edwardes's production of "Toreador" in 1903. She appeared in this country the following year in "The Duchess of Dantzic." She also had parts in "The Rose Maid," "The Dollar Princess," and "Peggie Machree."

We have to announce the death of two foreign singers. Ferencz Korbay, born at Budapest in 1846, distinguished himself as a tenor in London and New York. In the former city, after returning from this country in 1894, he was appointed professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music. Napoleone Zardo, who was born at Crespano in 1858, appeared as principal baritone in several cities on the Continent and in America. The Guildhall School of Music, London, made him professor in 1906.

Art

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

The eighty-eighth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Fine Arts is distinguished by uncommonly agreeable hanging, made possible by reducing the number of pictures to three hundred, and by the abstention of a score or so of the stronger painters. Paradoxically, this absenteeism makes absolutely no difference in the general look of the show, nor at bottom in its quality. Either the stars are of lesser magnitude than their repute, or the minor satellites are more brilliant than we are wont to admit. For myself, I grasp both horns of the dilemma. Among a hundred or so of our painters who are regular Academy exhibitors, the question of rank is entirely negligible. Virtually none of them shows distinguished invention, all reveal competent workmanship, and most a patient and reverent attitude towards nature. Personality of a sort they must have, for one can identify their pictures without the aid of the catalogue; but it is a personality that usually expresses itself along obvious lines of geographical preference, is satisfied with small decorative inventions or minor novelties of observation, making no appeal except to a gentle sense of place, leaving the imagination wholly unperturbed. In the general sanity and competence of the work possibly a certain comfort should be taken. Yet people somehow do not crowd to this solace. I shared the galleries for a long hour the other morning with six other visitors, excluding as many League students. And, after all, sentiment for the old Academy aside, why should anybody come to see pictures which for the most part have been or will have been more attractively shown in the galleries of clubs and dealers? The annual exhibition as now conducted is well enough as a family affair, a partial outlet for Academicians and their protégés, but it is rapidly losing public significance, and if the much-discussed plan for adequate galleries is indeed to be effected, it were well this were done while some traditional vestige of public respect and good will persists. Unless the Academy is prepared to take a vigorous aggressive in the near future, its destiny can only be that of a respectably obscure parochialism.

The pictures which have for my eyes any distinguished quality of invention will not take long to enumerate. Far the most striking among them is Rosen's The Lineman. Two telegraph poles, one bearing the clutching figure of the lineman, are splayed to right and left on a tree-capped knoll. Above is a great whirling cloud, and below a suggestion of broad lowlands. Everything is flooded with pewtery light. The vastness of the effect, the fine selection and simplification of masses, make this a most inspiriting work. One must imagine that only some odd hazard of the rules prevented it from receiving a high award; or was the overdue honor of an associateship deemed a sufficient recognition for Mr. Rosen's distinguished talent? Yet one can hardly quarrel with the award of the Inness medal to Paul Dougherty for the canvas Rock Channels. A nearer conical crag pushes up before a distant cliff of identical form, and, between, the sea heaves tranquilly, finding a quiet way between the visible rocks and over invisible obstacles below. The color is restrained, but gains depth and indicates texture as one gazes. This elaborate interweaving of tones is a somewhat piquant enrichment of the simplicity of the design.

Snow scenes abound in the exhibit, and there are admirable ones by Redfield, not to mention somewhat sugared examples by Gardner Symons, the Saltus medallist of the year. Elmer Schofield's The Wintry Sun, a glimpse of the Harlem gorge and Highbridge under a spectral, sallow light, is surely the most imposing picture of this class. But it seems to me that Walter Nettleton, in his unpretending canvas, The Brook's Wintry Bed, has caught more of the hush and awe of a snowy landscape than any of his more adroit colleagues. And I find myself coming back to Van Boskerck's highly elaborated Gill Brook, Adirondacks, and wondering if, in spite of its entirely old-fashioned look, it isn't one of the best landscapes of the show. At least, it is very faithful and specific portraiture of a distinctive kind of scenery. The opposite pole

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from this sort of thing is the opalescent embroideries of Daniel Garber. Here decoration is the aim, and very delightful decoration is achieved in such a canvas as September Fields. A similar quality with more vitality and a tinge of romance is in Johansen's Approaching Storm. Riders stagger against a blast which twists a sapling and flies heavenward in a towering, ominous cloud—a capital illustration for the frontispiece of a cape and sword drama. Landscapes by Ochtman, Walter Palmer, Bruce Crane, Charles Ebert, Cimiotti, Perrine, and Potthast are variously interesting. Parshall's highly synthesized perspective of a cañon seems to me to miss the scale, but is a most intelligent experiment, which may lead on to later successes. Frieseke's sultry vision of a verdurous river bank with a skiff and a bather putting off her clothes, should perhaps not be counted as landscape. Yet the sense of hour and season is predominant, and with it a languorous fascination. Something of this dreaminess gets into George Bellows's fantasia called In Virginia. Willowy girls thinly dressed for summer stroll under old trees before a colonial portico. They wander aimlessly as if missing the cavaliers who of old would have been making due professions while kissing fair hands. Whether or not this be the mood Virginian, it is not for me to say. At least, the scene recalls certain delightful Southern pages of Owen Wister. For Mr. Bellows's brusque and sometimes strident talent the mood is exceptional—one more proof, if that were necessary, of his quite extraordinary versatility.

We meet Bellows again as winner of the first Hallgarten prize, with his full-length portrait of a little girl. It is firmly constructed in grays and full of a certain defiant wistfulness. Margaret Richardson's sturdy portrait of a hale and vigorous old gentleman, Mr. Asa H. Paige, receives the first award of the Isaac A. Maynard prize for portraiture. The third Hallgarten prize goes to M. Jean McLane for a frankly brushed group called Brother and Sister. To Helen M. Turner is given the Julia A. Shaw prize for the most meritorious work by a woman. Her figure set before a Venetian blind that admits a green glare, most Tarbell-like, has the merit of solidity and decorative effect. The list of prize-winning pictures is complete with Robert Spencer's The Silk Mill, second Hallgarten. To close the paragraph, as it began, with portraits, Henry Salem Hubbell's full-length of a lady in black turning at a door is most gracefully conceived in the early English vein. W. E. B. Starkweather's Mlle. Tomescu has vitality and suggestion of a potent character; a similar grimness inspires Leo Mielziner's portrait of a red-robed Hebrew theologian; Cecilia Beaux's portrait of a lady in a lilac and gold peignoir is rasping in color and unsteady in placing; Thomas Eakins's portrait of Dr. Hayes Agnew in operating blouse is salient, and hints of a character in which strength and whimsicality seem to blend attractively.

In the field in which portraiture shades off into decoration and character study we have Wilton Lockwood's The Firefly, an adroitly arranged vision of a girl in a Liberty scarf; Edward Peixotto's The Reader, lovely in color; Josephine Paddock's garish and humorous sketch of Miss Trelawney in Russian finery; Dimitri Romanoffski's stern and impressive picture of a woman sewing, and Sergeant Kendall's Intermezzo, a little girl plucking at a violin which lies across her lap. Charles W. Hawthorne's Fille du Pêcheur has a disconcerting consciousness of her public. Heaven help this gifted painter if he begins deliberately to put into his pictures that human interest for the spontaneous occurrence of which he has been justly praised. Even Blumenschein, in The Driver, gives to his truckman a romantic lilt. He looks like the tenor of a transportation opera. Of the competent official portraiture of Wiles, Swedley, Chase, Ipsen, Fromkes, Haggin, and others, what can one say but admirable, most admirable!—and yet not much.

Figure compositions are few. Gifford Beal's vivacious pictorial version of the familiar lyric,

> The elephant now goes round,
> The band begins to play,

has something of the cadence of its literary original, and in an off-year perhaps deserved the Thomas B. Clarke prize. In the slender and maidenly figure of Spring, F. S. Church taps once more his thin but authentic vein of fancy. It is more memorable than more imposing works. I dutifully record the memorial appearance of a large canvas of newsboys by the late J. G. Brown. Recollection of childish joys in this work withholds the full expression of wonder that anybody who had explored an interesting corner of human nature so thoroughly could wish to tell of it with so tedious an explicitness. Among remaining figure compositions there is only to note W. W. Gilchrist's clever and prettily painted confection of a nude model amid stuffs before a gold screen, and a very handsome little kitchen interior by Benjamin D. Kopman.

This beautifully felt little work, with Lockwood's delicious bowl of peonies and Rosen's spacious landscape, afforded me the only sharp and pleasurable sensations that I could not have had on easier terms elsewhere, among the winter exhibitions. But, of course, I am fully aware that, if this show has become quite negligible except in so far as it conserves—let us hope until better days—a dwindling tradition, my notice may well seem an even more egregious superfluity.

F. J. M., JR.

Francis P. Harper, of Princeton, N. J., will issue, April 7, "Colored Plate Books and Their Values," a reference work for collectors, librarians, and booksellers.

The summer session of the School of American Archæology will be held in Santa Fé and at the near-by ancient ruins, August 1 to 30, inclusive.

Henry Stull, the well-known painter of animals, particularly thoroughbred horses, died last week at his home in New Rochelle, N. Y. He was born in Canada about sixty-two years ago, and came to the United States when a boy to join the staff of *Leslie's Weekly*. The late Dudley A. Buck, then owner of the *Spirit of the Times*, engaged him to make pictures of famous horses for that publication, and his pictures of the horse, whether standing or in action, were really portraits. He took up painting in oil, and soon fully established his reputation. Scarce a racehorse of prominence in the last score or more of years but has been painted in oil by Stull, and he was nearly as popular in England and France as here.

Henry W. Desmond, editor of the *Record and Guide*, died last week at his home in Cranford, N. J. He was born in Kingstown, Ireland, fifty years ago. He was one of the founders of the *Architectural Record*, of which until recently he was editor. Another publication started by Mr. Desmond was *Sweet's Index of Building Construction*. He was the author of several books, the last being "Stately Homes of America," of which he and Herbert Croly were joint authors.

Louis Amateis, the sculptor whose death occurred last week in Washington, was born in Turin, Italy, in 1855. After studying at the Institute of Technology in the town of his birth, he came in 1883 to this country. In 1892 he was made head of the department of fine arts in George Washington University, then known as Columbian University, Washington, which post he held until 1899. Amateis executed busts from life of several prominent men, among them President Arthur, James G. Blaine, Gen. Hancock, Gen. Logan, Secretary Bayard, etc. He designed the monument to the heroes of the war of 1836, in Galveston, Tex., and a pair of historical bronze doors at the west main entrance of the Capitol in Washington, besides statues and mausoleums.

Finance

IN THE NEXT NINE MONTHS.

With the stock market in its unstable condition of last week, and, more particularly, with the severe declines converging on shares of certain companies which trade in general merchandise, it was not surprising that the community which watches the Stock Exchange should have been asking again whether all this means trade reaction. Wall Street itself has had a ready enough explanation of the recent violent break in

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such stocks as "Woolworth," "Goodrich," "Kresge," "Rumely," "Sears-Roebuck," and "May Department Stores." It is, that these are newly introduced securities, representing companies whose exact intrinsic value and earning power are unknown to the general public: which are thus apt to rise more extravagantly in an enthusiastic mood of the Stock Exchange, and decline more extravagantly in an hour of pessimism, than shares of seasoned properties.

But this is reasoning which does not impress the ordinary observer. He grasps only the fact of the fall in prices for shares of such companies, and infers that holders of them must foresee extremely bad business conditions during the rest of 1913. Coupled with the prevalent atmosphere of gloom which has lately surrounded the Stock Exchange community, it seems to such watchers a convincing argument. Among people of the more despondent sort, it leads to predictions of bad times. Occasionally, one encounters, in his club or office, the melancholy remark that this is not only the thirteenth year of the century (an omen in itself), but is the twentieth year since the panic of 1893, which in turn was the twentieth since 1873. If the "twenty-year crisis" is an economic rule, why, then, not look for something of the sort this year?

This not unfamiliar logic of the day puzzles some people who listen to it, causes others to smile, and makes the hair of others stand on end. To old hands in the market, it suggests the familiar principle that the great panics which every one predicts are the panics that never come; it is also a reminder of the Congressional orators of 1908, who told their colleagues that, unless such and such bills were passed, "we shall have another panic next autumn," and who then forgot all about their own prediction. Still it may not be without interest to inquire what answer, on either specific or general principles, should be made to the argument.

Obviously, the first answer to be made is that we had one of our great financial panics in 1907, and that such an event is not followed, five or six years afterward, by another like it. The reason for this is that a real panic stops the movement of financial and industrial inflation, forces prolonged reaction, brings securities and commodities into reasonable touch with actual values, and puts the markets, after more or less resistance, into a fundamentally sound condition. Application of this rule to the present situation rests on two assumptions—one, that the breakdown of 1907 was a real financial panic; the other, that nation-wide liquidation has occurred between then and now. But no intelligent economist or financier questions either assumption.

People who say, as a good many said four or five years ago, that October, 1907, was merely a "Wall Street flurry," are hardly capable of judging economic questions. There is no recognized test of a real economic crisis, which does not now fit that episode. As to why that crisis came in 1907, instead of patiently waiting for 1913, that is no special mystery. The panic came fourteen years after 1893, instead of twenty, for the same reason which caused the panic of 1873 to come sixteen years after 1857, instead of twenty—namely, that in both intervals promotion and speculation had been wilder in the world at large than in the orthodox twenty-year cycles, and that, in both, two or three prodigiously expensive wars had swallowed up capital, which did not happen in the two decades after 1837 or 1873.

As for the question of "after-panic liquidation" in the present case, it is true that this process, applied to industry at large, was delayed a year or two after 1907, with a false aspect of revival in the meantime. But exactly the same was true of the sequel to 1873—a fact of which most people are unaware. That nation-wide industrial liquidation, however, and nation-wide readjustment of business and credit did occur in 1910 and 1911 (as they also did in 1876 and 1877), and with the same result of bringing the whole position back to a normal basis, no one in the least familiar with our recent business history would think of denying.

Sometimes one meets a street-corner oracle who rejoins triumphantly that, whatever may be said of general trade in these regards, real estate shows the pinch of unfavorable times. It unquestionably does—and it thereby conforms to one of the most interesting traditions of the Cycle of Prosperity. All previous experience with such economic waves of prosperity and adversity has shown that the market for real estate is the last to fall in panic times, and the last to recover in the return of prosperity. In the great "boom" with which this century began, the stock market had started its upward rush as early as 1899. Business at large followed suit in 1901 and 1902, but real estate, as most people will remember, did not join in the movement until 1904. The downward movement, after the turn was marked in 1907, observed precisely the same sequence, and so it did after all our other greater panics.

Students of economic history are also aware, however, that the fact of an economic movement in a given country being at a certain hour on the up-grade or the down-grade, as the case may be, does by no means render the markets of that country immune from temporary outside influences of the day, such as developments in other countries or in domestic politics.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, C. F. "'Tis Sixty Years Since": Address on Founders' Day, University of So. Carolina. Macmillan. 75 cents net.

Adams, H. S. Lilies. (Flower Monographs series.) McBride, Nast. $1 net.

Allen, J. L. The Reign of Law. Macmillan. 50 cents net.

Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany: A Tragedy. Reprinted in facsimile from the edition of 1654. Introduction and notes by H. F. Schwarz. Putnam.

Armstrong, Everhardt. Foreordained. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $1 net.

Austin, Mary. The Green Bough. Doubleday, Page.

Bailey, L. H. The Country Life Movement in the United States. Macmillan. 50 cents net.

Bancroft, H. H. The New Pacific. Revised edition. Bancroft Co. $2 net.

Barthou, Louis. Mirabeau. Paris: Hachette & Cie.

Bishop, Farnham. Panama—Past and Present. Century. 75 cents net.

Bourne, R. S. Youth and Life. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Brooks, J. G. American Syndicalism. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Burgess, G., and Johnson, B. The Cat's Elegy. Chicago: McClurg. 60 cents net.

Canby, H. S. Study of the Short Story. Holt.

Casson, H. N., and others. Horse, Truck, and Tractor. Chicago: Browne & Co. $1.50 net.

Cattell, J. McK., and others. University Control. Science Press.

Chamberlain, I. and H. Common Objects of the Riviera. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Clute, W. N. Agronomy: A Course in Gardening. Boston: Ginn. $1.

Colvin, S. S., and Bagley, W. C. Human Behavior: Psychology for Teachers. Macmillan. $1 net.

Craig, J. A. Sheep-Farming in North America. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Flemming, L. A. Synonyms, Antonyms, and Associated Words. Putnam. $1.25 net.

Flick, L. F. Eugenics: A Lecture. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. 10 cents.

Friedländer, Ludwig. Roman Life and Manners under the Early Empire. Vol. IV, Appendices and Notes. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Gibbon, Perceval. The Adventures of Miss Gregory. Putnam. $1.35 net.

Goodrich, J. K. The Coming Mexico. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50 net.

Gowen, H. H. An Outline History of China. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.

Gregory, Lady. New Comedies. Putnam.

Guijarro, L. G. Notas americanas. Madrid.

Hallard, J. H. The Idylls of Theocritus, translated into English verse. Third edition. London: Rivingtons.

Healy, T. M. Stolen Waters. Longmans. $3.25 net.

Home University Library—Nos. 57, 59, 60, 62, 63, 64. Holt. 50 cents net, each.

Housing Problems in America. Proceedings of the Second National Conference. Philadelphia.

Hudson, Alan. A Heritage of Honor. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.

Ibsen. Lyrics and Poems. Trans. by F. E. Garrett. Dutton. $1.60 net.

Jeffrey's (Francis) Essays on English Poets and Poetry. Dutton.

Johnson, Owen. The Sixty-first Second. Stokes. $1.35 net.

Jordan, D. S. What Shall We Say? Boston: World Peace Foundation.

Kastman, V., and Köhler, G. Swedish Song Games. Boston: Ginn. 75 cents.

Kauffman, R. W. Running Sands. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.

Kingsley, F. M. Veronica. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Lawton, E. A. Major Robert Anderson and Fort Sumter, 1861. New edition. Knickerbocker Press.

Lichtenberger, Henri. Germany and its Evolution in Modern Times. Trans. from the French by A. M. Ludovici. Holt. $2.50 net.

Locke, W. J. Stella Maris. Lane.

McLennan, John. Manual of Practical Farming. (Reprint.) Macmillan. 50 cents net.

Mätter, John. Three Farms. Holt. $1.20 net.

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Nisbet, J. F. The Insanity of Genius. Sixth edition. Scribner.
Parker, Gilbert. The Judgment House. Harper. $1.35 net.
Prendergast, W. A. Central Purchase and Distribution of Supplies for the City of New York. Merchants' Association of New York.
Princeton University Archæological Expeditions to Syria. Division II, Architecture in Syria, by H. C. Butler; Division III, Greek and Latin Inscriptions in Syria. Section A, Southern Syria—Part 3, Umm idj-Djimâl, by Enno Littmann and others.
Putnam, N. W. The Impossible Boy. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.
Rousseau, Jean-Jacques. Annales. Tome Huitième. Geneva: A. Jullien.
Rowe, Sydney. Songs of Seven Years. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Rowland, H. C. The Apple of Discord: A Novel. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Salisbury, R. D., Barrows, H. H., and Tower, W. S. Modern Geography for High Schools. Holt.
Sedgwick, A. D. The Nest, and other short stories. Century. $1.25 net.
Snaith, J. C. An Affair of State. Doubleday, Page.
Stewardson, L. C. College Sermons. Longmans. $1.50 net.
Stewart, C. D. Finerty of the Sand-house. Century. 75 cents net.
Stobart, J. C. The Grandeur That Was Rome. London: Sidgwick & Jackson.
Strindberg, August. The Inferno. Trans. by Claud Field. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Sutton, W. S. Problems in Modern Education: Addresses and Essays. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.35 net.
Thanet, Octave. A Step on the Stair. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
Ward, Mrs. Humphry. The Mating of Lydia. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Warne, F. J. The Immigrant Invasion. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.
Werner, Carl. Bringing up the Boy. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
Whipple, L. E. Healing Influences. American School of Metaphysics. $1.25.
Whitechurch, V. L. A Downland Corner. Holt. $1.30 net.
Woodman, H. Rea. In Memoriam—The Titanic Disaster: A Lyric Sequence. Poughkeepsie: Miss Woodman. 50 cents.
Young, Filson. Opera Stories. Holt.

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